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Optimist
and Pessimist

How Napoleon Signed His Name

From "In the Footsteps of Napoleon" (Macmillan)

"THE greatest administrator in history," Gladstone called Napoleon. No one can read his life without standing in amazement at the superhuman amount of work that he accomplished.

"On a brief visit to Venice," says James Morgan, "he ordered the demolition of a group of old monasteries and laid out the Public Gardens; transferred the cathedral honors from St. Peter's to the more famous church of St. Mark's; and authorized the expenditure of $1,000,000 in improving the harbor and canals.

"A measure of his activities as a writer is offered by his published correspondence, filling more than thirty volumes and comprising nearly 30,000 documents. Yet very little of this did he write with his own hand. No pen could keep up with his thoughts. His words flew from his lips, while the quills of his secretaries, with no system of stenography to aid them, raced to put on paper a few main points and characteristic expressions from which to frame letters, orders, proclamations, and speed them by couriers to all parts of the Empire. If they were engulfed by the torrent and floundered, he cried out as if in pain: 'I can not repeat; you make me lose the thread of my thought.'

"He did not have time to inscribe 'Napoleon' to the documents which his secretaries laboriously wrote and laid before him; he merely jabbed them with his quill and made an undecipherable sign which yet sufficed to give them full force and effect throughout Europe. Sometimes the illegible scratch was intended for 'Nap'; but as the terrible pressure weighed heavier and heavier upon him, he made only a fish-hook intended for an 'N.'

Thus, while the power and care of the Emperor increased, his autograph diminished; as the man grew in authority, his signature grew smaller and meaner.

"Just as one letter 'N' hastily scrawled sufficed to proclaim his will to a docile world, so his presence needed not to be heralded by any long title. As kings and princes entered the court, they were announced with all their proud designations. But when the doors were thrown open for the sovereign of sovereigns, the attendant pronounced only the simple yet thrilling title, 'L'Empereur.'

"Generally, he was at work as early as seven in the morning, tearing through the multitudinous duties of the Empire, which embraced half a dozen kingdoms and thirty principalities. Sometimes he awoke at a most unreasonable hour, shouting, as Baron de Meneval tells us, 'Let every one rise!'"

Introducing You to the Ambergris King

Ever hear of an ambergris king? Probably not; for there is only one in the world —and here he is. Only a ton and a half of ambergris has been offered for sale in the history of the world; and of that quantity the "king" has handled more than half.

Photograph from G. A. Wilson

DOWN in the quaint old town of Provincetown, Massachusetts, at the head of a wharf in Commercial Street, is an unpretentious little building that is anything but attractive to one who comes to look for places of historic interest; yet it contains the throne of one of the most interesting men in the country—that of David C. Stull, known as "the Ambergris King."

A ton of ambergris, at prices that have been paid there for it, would bring $92,000, or twice the amount that a ton of gold would produce. And, of the ton and a half of ambergris known to have been offered for sale in the history of the world, Mr. Stull, as agent for a famous firm of French perfumers, has handled more than half.

There is a never-ceasing cry for more of this substance from across the water, and it is a known fact that nothing invented as yet by man's fertile brain will in the least compare to ambergris as a base in the manufacture of choice perfumes. Dissolved in alcohol, it holds in solution the various oils and essences that compose the scents dear to the feminine heart.

The ambergris comes from a whale that has been careless about his diet, according to scientists. It is said that when he eats more squid and cuttlefish than is good for him he is attacked by this peculiar kind of mal-de-mer. These marine dainties have long, hard, and sharp beaks, and when taken into the whale's stomach in large quantities cause the forming of a substance that turns into ambergris. If the whale continues this sort of diet, it causes his day of reckoning to make an appearance, when the monster mammal of the sea seeks shallow water and dies.

Mr. Stull has paid as high as $500 a pound for the coveted substance. Not many years ago he paid $18,000 for a single lump of ambergris; and his record price is $35,000 for one lot of several pieces.

The World Has Quit Its Former Employers and is About to Go to Work for a New Boss

AN earnest young man whom I know was recently lamenting the government at Washington for being too friendly to big business and wealth.

He spoke sagely of the "invisible government," and used all the other well worn phrases.

I said to him: "My young friend, have you been in Washington recently?"

He replied that he had not been to Washington, but had read a great deal in papers that are not owned by the interests and so dare to tell the truth.

"You talk," I said, "as if the date were about 1901. There has been a considerable change in Washington in the years since the speech you are now making was first delivered."

Then I told him of what I saw in Washington not long ago.

I went down to attend some of the hearings of the Senate Finance Committee on the war revenue bill. The bill affected practically every business in the country, so that I had the privilege of watching many of the important business men of the United States present their case.

They came up one after another—deferentially, a little timidly some of them, laid their papers before the Committee, and made suggestions as to how the tax bill might be improved. They did not talk like men who had any invisible power over that Committee: most of them looked pretty thoroughly scared.

Then presently a gentleman arose who did not look scared at all. He was not there to make suggestions: he merely placed a well formed fist on the table and practically told the Committee how the bill must be altered if it was to be acceptable to him and his people.

The Committee allowed him to overrun his time: they made no protest when he waxed emphatic.

I looked at him in wonder and admiration. "What great interest does he represent?" I asked a man next to me.

And the man answered: "Oh, that is the representative of organized labor."

I sat in a club the other night with some manufacturers. One of them mentioned that, under the legislation now proposed, a little more than half the profits of his factory would be taken by the government. He made no complaint: and no one offered any sympathy.

With us sat the editor of a journal that is read by the richest men in the country. In the course of the conversation he stated casually that the time was almost at hand for the government ownership of railroads, and that he intended to advocate it in his paper.

For a similar statement on the floor of the Senate *ten years ago* a radical Senator was denounced as a dangerous enemy to the public welfare.

Any man—whether employer or employee—who fails to take cognizance of straws like these is missing the most significant development of our times. They are but samples of what is taking place all over the world.

In England behold Lloyd-George, the foe of inherited wealth and unearned incomes, presiding over the treasury of the nation. A man of the people, a radical, whom the aristocracy once denounced, now accepted by that aristocracy as its savior.

In Russia the people, discovering that all they have to do if they want to take control of things is to reach out and control.

We stand on the threshold of a vast new order of things.

The men who do the work of the world are to boss the world to a greater degree than ever before: wealth is to be conscripted for the service of the whole people as it has never been.

No wise man, rich or poor, will seek to contend against a development that is inevitable. Rather, he will seek, to the limit of his ability, to cooperate with it. To the end that the surge toward democracy may not exhaust itself and fall into reaction, but may result in a larger freedom, a wider justice, and a truer approach to the ideal of the brotherhood of man.

Bruce Barton, Editor.

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HOW I WENT INTO BUSINESS FOR MYSELF

By THE READERS OF *EVERY WEEK*

"I began by serving meals in a little 8x10 tent. For a meal of salt codfish, boiled rice, potatoes, and stewed dried apricots I got a dollar and a half."

THE PRIZE STORY

I WAS one of nine children, and was born in Atchison, Kansas. My father's name was Michael Hogan. He was a day-laborer, and after my mother's death it was hard for him to keep us in clothes and necessary food. As fast as we children were able to make our own way, we began earning a livelihood. The girls started as nurse-girls, and the boys as helpers in the gangs of laborers on the railroad tracks.

When I was eighteen I went to Lawrence, Kansas, and worked as a hired girl. Then I married James Layton; we moved to Hutchinson, and both worked at the Depot Hotel. My husband became consumptive, and by hard scraping and economy we got a little ahead and started for California, with all our belongings in a little four-dollar trunk.

My husband lived just two months after we reached San Diego. I was left penniless. That was in the period just after the panic of 1893. I sought an honorable job, and finally got work as a scrubwoman in a second-class hotel, and rose to be cook.

Then I went to Los Angeles, and did anything there in the line of work.

I had sounded all the depths of poverty and want. I could fill a big book with my experiences as a breadwinner. Cook, dish-washer, scrubwoman, and general cleaner—any work that I could do to keep me in food and raiment I did. Those were hard times. It came about, in my efforts to better myself, that I went to San Francisco in the spring of 1895, and was scrubwoman in an office block on Kearney Street. A woman whom I had nursed at night for weeks died, leaving me three hundred dollars. My, how much it seemed!

I got to know George Bridow, his wife and sister, who lived at Circle City, in the Yukon. They were about to return to the Yukon. Their enthusiasm caught me, and I decided to go with them.

I Give Up Scrubbing and Start for the Klondike

THERE were twenty-seven in our party—nineteen men and eight women—who sailed out of the Golden Gate for Dyea, Alaska. I had promises of work as cook in the mining camps of Circle City, and at away-up wages, too. I was resolved to risk something and get ahead and be somebody. We reached Dyea and Skaguay in a howling snow-storm—the first of the season. Then, in dog-sleds, we went over Chilkoot Pass two years before it became famous.

It is a long story, sprinkled with adventurous incidents: how we crossed over mountains, through cañons, shot the Yukon River rapids in flat-boats, and got to Circle City after infinite toil, just as winter was setting in. The very day we landed in Circle City the miners who had stayed there all winter reported that several Siwash Indians had come in and said that there were big gold fields on a certain Klondike creek farther up the river. Two days later, confirmatory news of the gold strike on Klondike Creek came to Circle City. Then everybody in the camp went crazy. The Yukon steamer *Weare* came along the next day on its last trip of the season, and literally the whole population of Circle City piled on board for Klondike Creek.

The next afternoon we were at what has since become the thriving city of Dawson. There were, at that time, only a rude old sawmill, three cabins built of pine log slabs, and about a dozen tents pitched here and there on the Yukon and Klondike muddy banks.

A week later Dawson was the scene of the gold-craziest people that ever lived. That was early in October, 1896. There were over fifteen hundred homeless men in Dawson by the middle of October, and still they came.

Running a Hotel for Hungry Gold-Seekers

I BEGAN by serving meals in a little 8x10 tent. The table was made of two planks laid across two barrels. Planks on boxes served as seats for my patrons. The whole restaurant and equipment cost me fifty dollars. I was cook, cashier, chef, manager, and proprietor. For a meal of salt codfish, boiled rice, potatoes, and stewed dried apricots I got a dollar and a half. My receipts averaged $260 a day, and my expenses $45. I began talking of a hotel for Dawson.

I got a big lot on the best business street in Dawson deeded to me for hotel purposes. That lot alone is worth not less than $40,000 to-day. The cost of my hotel—the first one in the Klondike—ran up to $9000. It would have been dear at $1200 anywhere in the States. I paid several Dutch carpenters twelve dollars a day merely to saw and nail boards.

In a month the big rough pine-board shanty was ready for guests. The beds were bunks three feet wide, like shelves upon the wall. I had clean sawdust on the dining-room floor, and one candle was the illumination in each of the seven apartments, all on one floor. But why go into particulars? The Kansas Hotel was a gold mine in itself from the day it opened. I had my bunks occupied at night at a dollar apiece. Besides, there were always poor fellows with no money who were allowed to sleep on the floor. With the help of two married women friends, I served from one hundred to one hundred and sixty meals a day, at an average of $1.40 per meal.

From Christmas eve, 1896, until April 12, 1897, when I leased the Kansas Hotel, my gross receipts were $31,400. That is, I believe, the best record for profit from such a structure—a great rude pine barn, furnished in the very cheapest and crudest manner.

Three Dollars in Gold for a Loaf of Bread

NO one has ever yet satisfactorily told of life in the Klondike region during the first awful cold winter, when men fairly rolled in gold and suffered for common necessities. Men used to come in from their placer claims over snow and ice for twenty miles, to buy fresh bread, and would give me two and three dollar bits of gold for extra brown loaves. I heard many man a say, that winter, he would give a pound of gold (worth about $266) for a beefsteak and a few fresh potatoes. I have seen San Francisco papers two months old bought for a dollar apiece.

Once, in Christmas week, the men over at the sawmill wanted a feast—the best Dawson could give. They begged me to make a dozen or so pies from the dried apples in camp. They were pretty tough, tasteless apple pies, to be sure; but the feasters thought them superb. The next day they gave me a buckskin bag with two ounces of gold. By March, when the days were eight hours long, I had saved $14,000 in gold. Among the men at my hotel was a Swede named Swanson. He was frozen on his way to his cabin in a blizzard one night, and when he was brought to the hotel for treatment he knew he would not live. In return for my kindness to him, and upon my promise to help his girl in Sacramento, he gave me a deed to his claim, No. 23, Hunker Creek. His frozen feet were cut off, but he died from the operation.

A Dying Miner Gives Me His Claim

WELL, I hired an expert to go and look at Swanson's claim. He reported it a fairly good one. In June, 1897, I sold the Kansas Hotel property for $18,000, and it caught fire and burned a week later. I invested half of my money in Dawson lots and the rest in developing the Hunker Creek claim. I devoted nearly all my attention to it for two years. I had to hire all the work done, and my men were wasteful; but the claim paid a net profit of $10,000 in one year. It was my luck to have a man give me $25,000 cash down for the claim, and twenty per cent of the output for two years. I moved back to Dawson after that. The property yielded me $9000 the first year, and $14,000 the next year. Each summer month, when navigation was open, I sent my hoardings of gold to San Francisco.

One placer claim, that I bought from a disheartened miner who did not understand mining conditions in Alaska, paid itself out four times over in a year and a half. But, where there has been one success in any gold field in Alaska or British Columbia, a score of persons have had losses.

M. H. L.

A Business Made of Rabbit-Skins

THE fur season of 1905 was a very bad one, and, although I was an experienced cutter, it was impossible for me to get work for more than two or three days in any week; and sometimes two or three weeks went by and not a thing to do.

I was the most discouraged human being in the whole city on that July 4, 1905, when I passed a fur dealer's shop with my hands in my pockets.

In one I clutched $20, representing my entire wealth. In the other was a butcher's bill, a grocer's bill, a gas bill of three months' standing, and a notice from the landlord that unless I paid the rent due he would be forced to evict me.

What made me stop and listen to the heated discussion between the fur dealer and his prospective buyer, I don't know—unless it was Providence.

"You get it here," he was saying—"one hundred rabbit-skins, which, believe me, cost me $25. You can have them for $22, and a big bargain you get it. Why, man alive, you can make three dozen very fine small children's fur sets which would sell anyhow for more as $50! And, let me tell you, if business was better I would not part with those skins for double the money."

The shop was a small one, and buyer and seller were standing in the doorway to get a better light, so I could hear and see very plainly.

Suddenly an idea, such as comes only once to any man, seemed to come uppermost in my mind. Here I was trying to sell my labor and knowledge of the fur business, and no takers. I would do better: I would go into business for myself. Yes, and I would buy labor and knowledge to serve me.

I felt at that time as if I could not lose. There and then I determined to buy those rabbit-skins, if I could have them for my $20, and go into business for myself.

Abruptly I broke into the conversation. I picked up a few skins, examined them, and found them to be of fair quality.

"I will give you $20 for the lot," I said.

With a little arguing, I finally had the lot of skins bundled up, and with an empty pocket and a light heart I walked up the four flights of stairs to the three cubby-holes called "home," and told my wife of the resolve to go into business, and of my first purchase.

That very same day I started working on those skins. I took them on the roof, and with a stick I thoroughly beat the dirt and dust from them. Then I dampened them and stretched them out on boards, on the table, on the floor, anywhere, so that they would be dry and ready to be worked in the morning.

By that time it was late and I had to quit work. The next day, I gathered all my skins together and made ready to start work on them, when a fellow employee came with a message from my boss calling me to work. I was about to refuse him, when my wife suggested to me that I go, and in the evening I could start work on the skins I had bought.

It was with great reluctance on my part that I went to work for my boss, as I had fully determined to work for myself only; but I needed the ready cash, so I went. It seemed as if luck had turned my way, for I was fairly busy for the next few weeks, working every day in the shop.

At night I came home and worked on my own skins. At the end of two weeks, working evenings, I was able to cut up the entire lot of skins. Then it was that my wife helped me out.

She bought cheap sateens of gaudy colors, and sewed them into the muffs and on the collars of the baby sets I had made. And so, working day and night, I managed to earn a few dollars to pay the more pressing debts, and to buy material to finish the baby fur sets that I had started. By the end of July I had sold the entire lot of sets at a handsome profit,

"'You can have them for $22, and a big bargain you get it.'"

thanks to my wife, who handled that part of the business. So I finished that season, buying skins and working them up in the evenings and in my spare time, my wife selling them to the stores in the neighborhood.

On January 1, 1906, I found a small attic shop renting for $13 (lucky number!) a month, which I took and began manufacturing children's fur sets for the wholesale trade.

To-day I use that same attic for a store-room for old boxes, paper, and the like, while the regular manufacturing is done on the two large lower floors.

S. W. S.

An Emigrant's Story

This man writes that he has been in America only three years, and has not yet mastered the language. He asks us to excuse his mistakes. We print the letter exactly as written.

I WAS working in a ten-cent store. The work was very hard. I was working in the cellar in stock-room, where it always was dark. I had to make a hole in the wall to get a little fresh air. My wages were $8 a week, and for this $8 I had to work a whole day and then at night. I had to sweep and clean the store at night and to bring everything in order. I was doing everything like a machine, not willingly.

Everybody was a boss on me, could holler on me, and tell me everything they want to. When the manager told me to do something, I had to do that. Then came the basement manager and called me to do something else. I had to leave the work and go do what he told me, and before I was through with the work came somebody from upstairs and hollered to me, Hurry, we need you upstairs. So I was working hard all over for $8 a week.

I see if I'll work a little more, that I'll have to die, and I will not have something to pay the undertaker. So from the $8 I saved $2 every week, and once when I looked in my bank book I see that I had $200 already. I thought, it's time to start something for myself. But what can I start with $200? A grocery store.

I thought I would be so happy when I would have a little store myself. Nobody would holler on me, nobody would worry me. I told this to my brother. He was in grocery business. He told me that I could not run a store yet, because I am too green yet. I was just a year and a half in this country. I could not talk good yet.

But I did not listen to anybody, and I laid off a day and went all over the city to look for a store. I spent that day $2 in every store I came in. I bought something, and asked if he wants to sell. Everybody told me that he will sell, but when he told me how much money I need to buy him, I had to run away.

So I thought, I'll have to go in cellar again to work; but on my way home I went in a little store to spend my last 5 cents I had. I looked around the store. There was not much. I asked if he would sell. Yes, he told me, but it will take $400 to buy him out. But he is sure that I'll make my $20 a week.

I asked the neighbors about, and they told me to buy. So I give him $5 and we closed the deal.

I went and told my brother that I bought a store, and he will have to borrow me $200. He sees that everything is done already, so he could not do anything else, and he borrow to me the money. So I start in the business.

I opened up the store at six and closed at ten at night. Everybody did like me who come in store. I had so much patience that I could stand up by the candy case a half hour till the kid would pick up a penny worth candy. I didn't go any place. I didn't have time.

I was in that little store one year, I paid everything up, and I had a little money in the bank yet. So I thought, if I made good, I'll try to make better. I sold the little store and went in with my brother in partnership in a larger store.

The business we done for the ten months I am with him was $14,000. I suppose that you will think that I am satisfied. I say no. I don't think that I make good when there is a whole lot people made better from me yet. So I am dreaming about doing better yet.

A. A.

From Teacher to Ranch-woman

SIX years ago I went into business for myself. I had taught school for five years, and then took up a homestead of one hundred and sixty acres in Montana. For a little more than a year I lived on it only two days out of a week, three months in the summer; but the next fall I decided to live there permanently till I had proved up on it.

I put up my cabin and fence, and a little barn for a cow which I was able to borrow. I soon found I had great use for a cow, not only for myself, but to feed six motherless lambs which one of the large sheep-ranchers let me have. These were my only chores. I fed them five times a day, and gave them one hundred and sixty acres to graze in until the next spring. They, like myself, fared very well that summer and winter; although I found that, after paying for my plowing and putting in my grain, besides the buildings and fencing, I had spent $300 of my savings and had only $50 left in the bank.

I took seven lambs the next spring, and raised them also. That spring my six yearling lambs sheared fifty pounds of wool. Wool brought eighteen cents a pound then, and this added a little more to my $50. In that way I had enough to live on till my winter wheat was ripe, cut, threshed, and sold. My, didn't I feel rich when I found I had made $225 clear on my wheat! That was after I had used some of my own grain for seeding, and paid for the work. Of course this was enough to keep me another year, even after buying hay for my "stock."

The next spring I had nine little lambs from my own two-year-old sheep, and I took ten more orphan lambs. Then, when

"One of the large sheep-ranchers gave me six motherless lambs."

my thirteen old sheep were sheared, I bought a cow for $40. Wool brought twenty-two cents that spring, and I sheared ninety pounds. So I paid for half the cow with wool. I had thirty-two lambs and sheep and twenty acres of winter wheat on my homestead that summer.

My grain yielded well every year; my lamb bunch increased my herd every year; so that to-day I have my deed for my land, two hundred head of sheep and lambs, twenty-five acres of winter wheat, my own cow, and a saddle-horse. My sheep sheared 1115 pounds of wool at fifty cents a pound, which more than pays my expenses, and I am selling my seed wheat, of which I had four hundred bushels, at $2.38 a bushel. This money goes into a Liberty Bond this year.

If fortune is not against me, I think I can continue living on my land independently as long as I like, or lease it and teach again. I shall never sell it.

L. C. B.

Left with a Baby to Support

LEFT a widow at twenty-six years of age, with a child of three to support and only $175 on hand, I went back to my girlhood vocation of stenographer, earning $14 a week. I lived with my parents, who took care of the child, and paid them $7 a week board. At the end of three years I had not been able to save anything, but just had my original $175.

So I decided that my only course was to go into business, and made up my mind to have a tea-room. I knew how to make all kinds of delicious cakes, home-made bread that could be used for dainty sandwiches, and French ice-cream. I was sure that with coffee, tea, and chocolate these old-fashioned goodies would appeal to every one. I knew the essential was to have my tea-room cozy and attractive, so I resigned myself to investing all of my money in furnishings, and then buying

"I made up my mind to have a tea-room."

food supplies from day to day, until I could accumulate enough money to buy at wholesale.

I rented a very comfortable though not large store on a popular thoroughfare, in a suburb near New York. The two rooms in the back were comfortable enough for sunny and me to live in and in which to prepare the food.

The rent was $30 a month. I paid in advance, at the same time selecting a blue-and-silver striped wall-paper, which

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"'We're all of us low-brows.' She glanced around the table and spoke curtly. 'Hannis Dawes, yonder, is the worst low-brow of us all.'"

The Gods and Little Fishes

By PHILIP CURTISS

Illustrations by Frank Snapp

IT is hard to describe a heroine, because one is forbidden to tell unpleasant truths about her; not forbidden by any State law, but by that same authority which has power to grant poetic licenses. It is an authority unnamed and vague in its jurisdiction, but inexorable in its penalties; for it has, according to rumor, the silent backing of that equally vague but equally inexorable authority called public opinion.

The law dealing with heroines might, in fact, be called a compensation law, its one indulgence being that if an author must tell an unpleasant truth about a heroine he must, in the same breath, give a compensating circumstance. Thus if one saddles a heroine with a pug nose, one must, in the same clause, explain that in her case a pug nose was more attractive than most aquilines.

There were several unpleasant truths about Jean Zabriskie. The most obvious was that she was fresh: not fresh like a rosebud, but fresh like a high-school sophomore, and this at the age of twenty-six. Another was that she was not always sincere. But the worst of all was that she admitted candidly both of these failings, and was proud of them rather than otherwise.

Yet, to put this description within the law, one must add the highly mitigating circumstance that Jean had started from nothing, and, wholly by her own efforts, had risen higher in her twenty-six years than most women do in a life-time. Thus, if Jean Zabriskie was completely satisfied with herself, it can be placed in the credit and not in the discredit column, for, law or no law, one is obliged to admit that she had very good reason to be satisfied.

There had been very few moments for many years when Jean had not, in the bottom of her heart, had this feeling of confidence as a bolster to fall back upon in moments of discouragement; but on a May evening, as she stood in front of her mirror, taking one final glance before going out, she felt especially buoyant and especially confident in the face of the whole world.

It was nothing the mirror showed her which capped her self-satisfaction, for Jean had no claim to good looks. There was even something unfeminine in the way that she studied herself. Almost any other woman in the world, taking that last final look, would have gazed sharply, critically; her face would have assumed that look of sudden, utter absorption, of merciless scientific investigation, which a woman's face always does assume when gazing into a mirror. But Jean's look, while friendly, was casual and broadly humorous. "Well, old horse," she might have been saying to herself.

JEAN lingered in front of the mirror purely from the delicious luxury of lingering anywhere on that balmy May night. She had a cape on her shoulders, she was ready to leave, but she did not add that last dab of powder which with most women would have been the final signal; for, as Jean had once said,—as she had said a good many times,—the only thing which she did not retouch was her face.

This was quite true. One thing which she had retouched had been her name, which was not really Jean Zabriskie, but Jenny Sabrowsky. About this, however, she was not so frank as she was about most of her retouchings. She had done it a long time before, and there was no use in digging up old fictions when time had permitted them to be used as facts. As she had argued, not without logic, Jenny is a diminutive of Jane, which is the feminine form of John. The French for John is Jean, of which the feminine is Jeanne, which, in turn, is transmitted back into English as Jean. So, if she wanted to call herself Jean, she was not traveling under an alias.

Her transformation of Sabrowsky into Zabriskie may have had a similar justification, but if it had Jean did not know it. With her it had been simply a *tour de force*, a plain cutting of the Gordian knot. A girl with less accurate instinct would have thrown away the Slavic sound altogether and called herself Jean Adams or Jean de Rue; but Jean was too canny for that. She knew the force of an ugly name, like an ugly jaw, and the Slavic sound was part of her stock in trade: so she merely euphonized Sabrowsky into Zabriskie, which is a very different thing. And as Jenny Sabrowsky had made Jean Zabriskie a name which stood for something, she could certainly now be granted full privilege of using it.

So Jean Zabriskie in the flesh and Jean Zabriskie in the mirror stood looking at each other with expressions as sardonic as those of the augurs of Rome during decadent days.

"The queen of the bluffers," commented Jean in the flesh to Jean in the mirror, but, as the confession left her just as buoyant as she had been before, it may be gathered that she did not wholly believe it.

In the street below a taxicab stood waiting; but even that fact was not sufficient to arouse Jean from her delicious dawdling. She took a luxurious delight in making it wait—which, in itself, may show the chief reason of Jean's content; for when a self-supporting woman has reached that point at which she can keep taxicabs waiting with serenity she has indeed some reason for complacency. Still dawdling, Jean glanced over her dressing-table until a photograph caught her eye, and she picked it up.

It is not dramatic exaggeration to say that the photograph "caught" her eye; for, although it had been on her table for eight years, she usually paid no more attention to it than she did to the pattern of the cross-stitched cloth which covered the table itself. She picked it up now quite in that spirit of cynical humor in which she had looked at her own reflection.

THE picture was soiled and faded, it was printed on the shiny solio paper of a decade ago, and glued tenaciously to an ugly gray mount, in which the name of the photographer was sunk in coarse, heavy script. It showed the head and shoulders of an earnest young man in a dress suit. The term is used in all its awfulness; for the picture of a man in evening clothes is one thing, and the picture of a man in a dress suit is quite another. This was the latter. It could have been only one of two things—the portrait of a potentate in some fraternal order, or a graduation picture from a country college.

The photograph would have been humorous to a stranger, and Jean now viewed it with eyes which were almost those of a stranger; for, although she had just laid down a half-read letter from the man in the picture, she had not seen him for eight years, and the amused condescension with which she had skimmed through the letter indicated that she found in herself little desire to see him for eight years more.

A dozen times she had been on the point of throwing the picture away, but had always relented, partly from superstition and partly because Jean Zabriskie was not as callous as she liked to believe.

She lingered over the picture now because it aroused in her militant mind something that the man had said in his letter. That something had not been complimentary to Jean, but by facing the

stinging truth of the accusation with the futile portrait of the accuser, she was able to laugh at the sting. Yet such was the balminess of the night that she could not bring herself to any vicious mental retort. She thought of the accusation, then looked at the earnest eyes of the accuser. She smiled good-humoredly.

"I suppose you're right, old son; but I need the money."

The comment satisfied her conscience, and, putting the photograph back, she turned out her lights and walked down the stairs to the waiting taxi.

In the street it was still daylight—a languid, velvety daylight. The evening air was like incense, and as Jean settled back in the cab her contentment gathered momentum. She was speeding to what she knew would be a delicious dinner with "the Bunch," a group of intimates in which she particularly flourished.

The cab crossed over to Fifth Avenue and went uptown. At Fifty-ninth Street it crossed again and went up some more, which is highly significant, because, as any one knows, "bunches" in New York City flourish chiefly in the vicinity of Washington Square. Bunches are usually Bohemian, and Jean's bunch was Bohemian; but, although it had several characteristics in common with other Bohemian bunches, it had one or two quite exceptional.

In common with all other Bohemian bunches, it had four unwritten rules which are recognized as the foundation of Bohemianism.

First: The members must always be rude whenever possible, calling it candor.

Second: Famous men, especially authors, actors, and managers, must always be spoken of by their first names, or preferably a nickname.

Third: Women of prominence must always be spoken of only by their last names—Pickford, Janis, Barrymore.

Fourth, and most important of all: Any one of wealth or fashion must always be spoken of in terms of ridicule. It must always be assumed that all persons of wealth were vulgar, that all persons of fashion were affected, and that both classes were invariably stupid.

In contrast, however, to most Bohemian bunches, Jean's particular bunch had two peculiarities.

First: All its members were successful; and

Second: It dined with editors, managers, and publishers.

Jean herself was typical of the bunch, but her host that evening was not typical of its entertainers. Although elastic in numbers, the nucleus of the Bunch consisted of two women and two men. Jean and one of the men were fiction writers, the other woman was an illustrator, and the other man a playwright.

The host for that evening was Bronson Mallet, a courtly gentleman of fifty who ought to have known better. He did know better, but he was the professional diplomat of the Mallets, a historic old firm which published everything from schoolbooks to cartoons; and even historic old firms have far more trouble in finding successful writers than despairing young authors would ever guess. His wife abominated the Bunch, and the Bunch abominated her; but, for Mallet's sake, they sat at her table.

IT was fairly dark when Jean's cab turned into the street in the West Seventies where Bronson Mallet lived in a brownstone front. She ran breezily up the high steps, and was admitted by a maid; but from the background of the hall her host himself was approaching. Jean saluted him jauntily:

"Bronson, it's no use at all. I know I'm late, and I haven't a single excuse, so you needn't expect one. I was just lazy."

This was the accepted manner of speaking in the Bunch, and Mallet smiled gently; but he seemed a little troubled. The maid stood waiting, and Mallet suggested:

"Wouldn't you like to step upstairs?"

Jean had already started to slip off her cape, under which she wore an afternoon gown; but she followed the maid, and as they passed the door of the old-fashioned drawing-room she caught a sudden glimpse of evening clothes. The room seemed to be full of strangers, and she turned to her host with a whisper:

"For the love of Mike, Bronson, what is it—a diplomatic reception?"

Her host smiled deprecatingly.

"Oh, no; I'm just having one or two people in."

Nevertheless his manner was uneasy—not the smiling paternalism which he usually accorded Jean and her eccentricities. He seemed to be urging her to hurry, and she went up the stairs in a quandary. She had taken it for granted that the dinner was to include none except the Bunch, and for a second she resented the fact that it did not.

SHE came back to the drawing-room with her swinging walk and her typical smile; but a glance showed that, after all, the Bunch was at least represented. Billy Grex, a pale young man with very thick spectacles, who wrote crook stories, hailed her with delight from beside the door. Greta Fisk, the illustrator, looked over his shoulder; but, to her chagrin, Jean saw that they, like all the others, were in evening clothes. She surveyed Grex.

"For Pete's sake, Billy," she murmured, "where do you get that stuff? You're togged out like Astor's goat."

Farther in the room she saw Dawes, the playwright, also in unaccustomed splendor; but Dawes had always been somewhat of a Philistine. She turned back to Grex.

"Say, what's the answer? I seem to have made a fox pass."

Before Grex had time to reply, Mrs. Mallet caught sight of her, and came across the room.

"Miss Zabriskie," she said, "I want you to meet Madame Norveldt."

She led Jean to a woman with whom she had just been talking, a Juno-like woman, magnificently dressed. She was not young, but she was formally handsome. She carried herself like a duchess, and in that instant Jean understood the treachery of her own loyal subjects. If she had known that Ellen Norveldt was to be present, she would have dressed herself and she would not have been late. It was not enough to say that Ellen Norveldt was an actress. She was *the* actress. There ought to be a bigger word to describe her—something like "dramatress." "Tragedienne" only approximates it; for Ellen Norveldt was the giantess of the drama, the real interpreter of Shakespeare and Molière. Danish by birth, English by adoption, she was the British conqueror of dramatic France.

Even Jean Zabriskie was awed, and she put out her hand like a modest school-girl.

"How do you do?" she said.

The actress smiled, a set smile such as might have been used at a royal reception.

"How do you do?" she replied, in a voice rich, but so deep it was almost masculine. She did not offer her hand, and Jean withdrew hers in confusion. For a moment she stood there, utterly at a loss as to what to do next, but Madame Norveldt did not help her. She stood looking off into space as impersonally as if a long line were passing before her, and, wholly unnoticed, Jean slipped away.

Madame Norveldt, by her curt action, had meant nothing unkind, but to Jean it had been a deliberate snub. For a moment she stood by the marble mantel under the huge gilt mirror and gazed at the actress with a sudden quick hatred. The next moment her sense of humor came to the rescue, and she smiled satirically, as she had always smiled at greatness. Her thought did not put itself into words; but, if it had, the words would have been: "If she only knew who I was." She felt a contempt for all actresses, the amused condescension of intellect for mere physical power. Her sense of humiliation and her sense of complacency were struggling evenly, when she heard a voice, and fate struck a second blow.

The voice was that of her hostess, but by her side stood the handsomest man Jean had ever seen. He was not merely handsome; he was irresistible. He was tall and graceful and courtly. His manner was that of easy fashion, yet his eyes were wise and kind. His shoulders were broad, yet his face was intellectual. He was too good to be true; he was a man out of a book; and, as Jean would have said at any other time, "There ain't no such animal." Yet there was such an animal. He stood there expectantly beside his hostess, who said:

"Miss Zabriskie, may I present Mr. Harcourt?"

Harcourt! Why not Jack Dalton? Jean almost smiled at the melodrama of it. There couldn't be such a preposterously romantic name. Yet there was such a name, for the owner of it acknowledged it unsmiling, looking at Jean with boyish friendliness.

FOR the second time in three minutes, the imperious Jean became the modest little school-girl. For the second time, she instinctively put out her hand; but this time it was taken, and the book-man spoke:

"I'm very happy to meet you, Miss—Miss—"

Jean quickly became herself.

"Zabriskie," she supplied, and for a second she watched to see whether the young man's face would change at the name; but it did not change, and she quickly covered:

"You see, it's Irish."

The hostess left them and Jean breathed more freely.

"Have you met the bosses?" she asked—"the immortal Ellen?"

The young man's face clouded. He looked almost shocked, and Jean grew hot with horror.

"For heaven's sake," she exclaimed, "don't tell me she's your mother or something!"

To her relief, the young man smiled.

"Oh, no; I never met her until to-night."

He explained apologetically:

"For a minute—I didn't know who you meant."

He looked at her, puzzled, as if afraid of what she might say next, and Jean watched him shyly. He was a Philistine of the first water, yet he did not affect her as Philistines usually did. Instead of wishing to shock him, she felt rather ashamed of herself for having done so already. As they passed into the dining-room, Dawes, the playwright, pressed her arm playfully.

"Keep your nerve, old girl," he whispered; but instead of replying Jean drew away. He struck a false note.

JEAN was placed next to Harcourt, and the dinner began with a formality which was odd for the Bunch. In Jean's eyes it gave her host a strangely new aspect; for it was a barking back to those stauder days of which, sometimes, she saw glimpses in Mallet.

It put a damper on the raw hilarity of the Bohemians. It made them act like children at a birthday party. They handled forks shyly, and talked in short, stilted sentences. To Jean it seemed weirdly like a dinner set on the stage.

As a matter of fact, the dinner was not going well. Mrs. Mallet was always unhappy when the Bunch was in her house, but with more aloofness than usual she devoted herself entirely to the guest of honor. Even Mallet was not wholly at ease, for he began to have a suspicion of oil and water in his kind-hearted plan to give the Bunch a chance to meet the great actress. So far, the Bunch had behaved like lambs, but he dreaded the moment when they might break out. Greta Fisk had a penchant for profanity, and one could never tell when she would indulge it.

The only two persons, indeed, who did seem wholly happy were Madame Norveldt and the young man at Jean's left. The former was talking sonorously with her host, and the latter was calmly sampling his melon. Jean studied him, and mentally shook her head in despair. She simply could not get over the feeling that any one so good-looking and so well poised could not be true. She could not help feeling that he must be acting a part; and yet, the more she studied him, the more she found that he was not. She burst through the silence at last:

"Of course you do something?"

The young man laid down his fork and looked at her blankly.

"Do something?"

Jean explained almost pettishly:

"Paint, write, act. Every one who comes here does something."

The young man shook his head.

"Nothing, really. Mr. Mallet has published a book for me, but it isn't a real book."

He talked in a mellow, deprecating voice, with a strong Boston accent that seemed as unreal as everything else about him. It irritated Jean, and yet made her stand in awe of him. He seemed to want to change the subject; but Jean was relentless:

"Then what kind of a book was it?"

Pursued, Harcourt blushed furiously.

"Why," he explained—"why, it was only a book on game birds. The real thing was the plates by Frank Anderson. They are wonderful. I just wrote the descriptions."

He seemed determined to get off the subject at any cost.

"What do you do?"

With an instinct quite foreign to her Bunch training, Jean found herself equally embarrassed.

"Oh, I write, too," she said curtly; but, as if it were one thing that he should write and quite another that she should, the young man's eyes opened wide.

"Stories?" he asked, awe-struck.

Jean nodded. "Mostly."

She, too, felt a sudden desire to change the subject; but, with less malice than hers, the young man would not allow her to do it.

"I know I've read them," he said slowly; "but, really, I've a rotten memory for names."

Jean looked at him quizzically.

Art Students—a Chance for You

IF you asked Miss Mildred White of St Joseph, Missouri, what her profession is, she would likely answer, "Producer of show-window atmosphere." She has built up a little industry of her own where there had been no demand.

When a local clothier wishes to arrange a display of light-weight clothing, he has Miss White furnish a background of a seaside scene. If the local dry-goods window man wishes the children to take an increased interest in his children's garments, he has Miss White supply a background of fairy characters and scenes.

She first supplies a small water-color sketch, like the one in the photograph, and from this develops the large background. Her contributions to the display window are to the window what stage scenery is to the stage. There is unquestionably a big field here for other artists, and for art students as well.

Photograph by C. E. Brock

"I don't believe you've ever read them at all. Don't pretend. We're all of us low-brows in this bunch."

She glanced around the table and spoke curtly.

"Billy Grex is a low-brow. Greta Fisk, over there, is a low-brow. Jimmie Dawes, yonder, is the worst low-brow of all. Have you seen his plays?"

The young man looked admiringly at Dawes. It was evidently the first time he had ever seen a real playwright.

"I must have seen them," he replied; "but perhaps I don't just remember—"

Jean broke in cynically:

"He wrote 'The First Degree.'"

"Oh!" replied the young man, his tone disappointed in spite of himself; and Jean laughed outright.

"That's delicious!" she exclaimed. "I must tell him."

But at the moment Dawes glanced across the table, and Jean called to him:

"We're talking about you, Jimmie. I said that your plays were the limit, and Mr. Harcourt agreed with me."

Harcourt blushed to the roots of his hair.

"Oh, I say!" he exclaimed. But Dawes smiled good-naturedly.

"Don't let it bother you. I think so myself."

JEAN'S words, however, had been heard beyond Dawes, and Madame Norveldt looked interested. She leaned in front of Mallet to ask in her slightly foreign accent:

"Do you write plays, Mr. Dawes? What have you written?"

Dawes turned self-consciously.

"'The First Degree,'" he replied.

"Oh!" murmured the actress, in just the same tone of voice that Harcourt had used; and the whole table roared.

The incident had, nevertheless, broken up the formality, and in the chatter which followed Jean talked books with Harcourt, though with little success.

"Do you know," she said at last, "I really can't believe that you're true. As near as I can make out, you haven't read a thing published since 1870."

Harcourt looked serious.

"That's not true at all. I'll tell you a new book that I like—a very new book. Have you, by any chance, read a novel called 'My Lords and Gentlemen'?"

Jean turned to him quickly.

"By Arthur Little?"

Harcourt nodded excitedly.

"You have read it? I'm tickled to death. I thought it one of the greatest books ever published. I was sure it would set the world on fire, but somehow nobody seems to have read it at all. Don't you think it wonderful?"

Jean bowed her head in perplexity.

"To tell the truth," she said, "I tried, and I couldn't get interested in it. It seemed stilted and out of date."

Harcourt's face showed a disappointment very boyish.

"I may be wrong," he said wistfully. "To me it seemed to be literature."

"It may be literature," replied Jean, "but it's got no punch. That's what I told Art Little."

"Do you know him?" exclaimed Harcourt eagerly.

Jean smiled wryly.

"I know him very well."

Her look was almost self-conscious—and well it might be; for Arthur Little was the man whose photograph stood on her dressing-table.

Something in her look checked the question which Harcourt was evidently eager to ask, and his pause gave Mallet the opportunity for which he had been eagerly waiting, across the table.

"What's that you're talking about?" he queried. "'My Lords and Gentlemen'?"

Harcourt looked at him hopefully.

"Yes," he answered. "Don't you think it's a marvel?"

"And a frost!" added Jean tersely.

Mallet took his time to answer both questions.

"Funny thing about that book," he said musingly. "Adlers published it several years ago, and every reviewer gave it a moderate notice—nothing remarkable. It went a little at first, then apparently died. A year later it went a little more, then died again. That happened every season for four years. And now, suddenly, without any reason at all, everybody is talking about it. You don't see it mentioned, you don't see it advertised; but if one person has asked me about it within the last three weeks, fifty have done it."

Harcourt sat listening as if to a personal triumph.

"But who," he asked eagerly, "is Arthur Little?"

He asked the question of Mallet; but Jean hung her head, and her nerves began tingling as if the discussion were about herself. She listened, on edge for every syllable, and as the host spoke the whole table became quiet.

"Arthur Little," said Mallet slowly, "is a genius and an old-fashioned scholar. He is an instructor at Alden College, who lives in his library and writes for the sheer love of writing. He spent five years writing that book, and is apparently spending five years writing a new one."

"Are you going to publish it?" asked Madame Norveldt with sudden interest.

Mallet shook his head.

"I wish we were. No; Little is just as old-fashioned a gentleman as he is a writer. Adlers published his first book, and Adlers will publish his books to the end of his life."

Mallet's eyes twinkled as he looked around the bunch.

"Little," he said dryly, "regards a publisher as a grave institution, like a political party or the British Museum. He is positively grateful to any one who will put his works in print. All he asks is to be allowed to keep on writing."

Dawes, who always had leanings toward the old régime, thought it time to break in.

"Just what's the book like?"

Mallet looked toward Harcourt.

"What would you say?"

Harcourt's answer burst from his lips.

"Le Sage," he replied; and Mallet's acclaim was almost tumultuous.

"Exactly what I said myself."

Billy Grex leaned toward Jean and whispered:

"Who the devil is Le Sage?" And when the conversation had become general Jean turned to Harcourt.

"Billy Grex wants to know who the devil is Le Sage?"

Harcourt replied in mild astonishment:

"The man who wrote 'Gil Blas.'"

He watched Jean's expression for a second; then, with eyes that suddenly twinkled, turned her own words on her:

"As near as I can make out, you have never read anything published before 1870."

Jean's composure was undisturbed.

"I told you we were all low-brows," she replied; but the answer did not satisfy her tremendously.

INDEED, very little that Jean said that evening satisfied her, and when the hostess rose she followed her listlessly out. In the drawing-room Madame Norveldt strummed idly on the piano, then suddenly asked:

"Who is that nice boy who liked Le Sage?"

The hostess's face brightened.

"He *is* a nice boy. He is Mrs. Van Alstyne's son by her first marriage."

The actress nodded.

"That explains it. He has the cleverest mother in New York."

Jean looked at Greta Fisk and Greta Fisk looked at Jean; for in the Bunch, whenever they wished to tell a funny story about a stupid, vulgar society woman, they always attributed it to Mrs. Van Alstyne.

Madame Norveldt was still at the piano, idly strumming, when the men came in; but as Harcourt approached she looked up with a motherly expression.

"What shall I play you?" she asked.

The young man's eyes lighted. He hesitated a moment, then answered shyly:

"Rubinstein?"

The actress laughed, and her fingers caressed tentative chords.

"Good. I was so afraid that you would say Grieg."

Harcourt laughed in return, and, her fingers finding the place, Madame Norveldt began the Melody in F.

Jean watched the two curiously and yet spitefully, as if listening to people talking a foreign language. Grieg—Rubinstein. Somehow, between the two lay all the difference on which was founded a *jeu d'esprit*, a significance three quarters of which was lost to her. The young man and the older woman, from the depths of a common culture, spoke as naturally the language of music as they might have dropped into French. It maddened Jean because it gave her a feeling of a world that she despised and yet envied.

Madame Norveldt did not play remarkably; she merely played casually. She finished the Melody, extemporized for a while; then, as if from consideration for her listeners, drifted into the Barcarolle from the "Tales of Hofmann."

Whether it was intended or not, the art of her choice was perfect. Jean's curiosity aroused by the choice of the Melody, her mind disturbed by the reaching chords of the improvisation, her soul was lulled and completely enmeshed by the beauty of the familiar Barcarolle. Awakened at heart, she sat seeing visions which for many years she had been too headstrong to see. In her dreams she felt the steady sweep of the oar and the swing of the gondola over black

Continued on page 19

"Now, when she feared it most, the letter had come. She could not bear to open it."

FRANK SNAPP

THE MELTING POT

In Which the New Books and Magazines are Boiled Down to Give You Fifteen Minutes of Health, Efficiency, Travel, Biography, and Adventure

BABES IN THE WOOD

Photograph by Central News Photo Service

COULD anything be more pitiable than the position of the ex-Czar—a man timid and unaggressive by nature, bred in a highly artificial environment, totally unfit to grapple with great practical problems, suddenly cast adrift on the most chaotic state of affairs the world has ever known? Other kings have suffered overthrow and exile, but their exit was at least a dramatic moment for all nations. Casually and indifferently the world has seen this man and his family slip from the greatest rulership on earth and be lost in the sea of Russia.

Some one has said that the thing we fear most in life always happens. Nicholas feared, above all, assassination and revolution. Since 1891, when he was almost killed by a Japanese, thirteen attempts have been made on his life. Perhaps the revolution lessens the danger of assassination. At all events, when the officer told the Czar that at "two o'clock in the morning the imperial train must go to Petrograd by the orders of the new government," adding, "Your Majesty has been declared dethroned," Nicholas answered:

"Why was I not told before? Why tell me now, when all is finished?" And then: "Let it be so. Thank God—I will abdicate, if that is what the people want. I will go to Livadia, to my gardens. I am so fond of flowers."

This photograph shows the ex-Czar and his daughters in the gardens of their prison palace of Tsarskoe Selo. A month after this photograph was taken Nicholas and his family were transferred secretly to Siberia.

DID RICH MEN WANT THE WAR?

OTTO H. KAHN was born in Germany, and served one year in the German army. He is a member of the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Company, and one of the very rich men of the country. Somebody wrote him a letter containing the very common charge that this is a "Wall Street War," urged on by rich men who feared the loss of the money they had loaned the Allies. Here are a few sentences from his answer:

"Leaving aside the cruel injustice of such an imputation, it attributes to moneyed men a degree of stupidity and of ignorance as to their own interests of which they are not usually held guilty.

"America loaned to the Allied nations, prior to our entrance into the war, roughly speaking, $2,000,000,000, of which sum all but a fraction was loaned to England and France.

"*A single year's war taxation will take out of the pockets of capitalists a great deal more than they could possibly have lost through depreciation in value of such amount of Allied bonds or loans as they may hold.*

"If you add to these considerations the circumstance that, owing to the intervention of our government in financing and otherwise providing for the Allies, the commissions and profits of those who have heretofore dealt with the Allies will be largely cut off; that business will, quite rightly, be subjected to a large excess profits tax; that capital for years to come will have to pay increased taxes to provide for the debt incurred through the war for pensions, etc.; if you will reflect on these and various other patent considerations, you will realize that any rich man fomenting for selfish reasons our entrance into the war would be a fit subject for the immediate appointment of a guardian to take care of him and of his affairs."

WILL COMMUNISM EVER COME?

WILL the world ever become communistic? Will a day come when all will share everything in common? When there will be no more struggle? Is there anywhere in the animal kingdom any such social organization?

There is one such, as J. Henri Fabre points out in *The Life of the Caterpillar* (Dodd, Mead). The so-called processionary, the caterpillar that lives in the pines, shares his whole life equally with his fellows. Move him from one nest to another, and he goes amiably to work, adding his bit of spinning to the enlargement of the new nest. Put another beside him on a pine needle, and there is no struggle for food: each munches along with no jealousy of the other.

Why shouldn't this beautiful fellowship extend to all living creatures?

For several reasons, as Fabre points out. In the first place, the life of the processionary is complicated by no struggle for food. There is always enough for all: if one pine branch is stripped, there are plenty of others.

Another thing: The processionary neither loves nor marries. The caterpillar is a sexless thing: there is no struggle for mates with him, no battle for the life of the young. More than that, he is a member of a race every individual of which is the exact equal of every other in coloring, strength, ability, and desires. Men are members of a race where there is no equality of strength or endowment—where every one is different from every other one.

There would have to be a general leveling of abilities, says Fabre, before communism could come; and with that leveling would have to go the abolition of the family and the assurance of a supply of food so plentiful that there would be no necessity for effort.

"And the result of this bestial sacrifice," concludes Fabre, "would be a community of caterpillars."

THE MOST SILENT ARMY IN THE WORLD

NEXT to men, cavalry horses used to be the heroes of a war. But tanks and trench fighting and terrible modern guns have almost put the cavalry horse out of business. To-day it is the dog that carries off all the laurels. The cavalry horse, at its best, is only the faithful accessory of its master. But the war dog is an independent fighting unit.

"Every French army corps has its completely organized, fully staffed and equipped camps of dogs, administered like any other recognized arm of service," writes Captain A. J. Dawson in *For France* (George H. Doran Company).

"The dog camps consist of huts, as in the case of the men's camps; but there is no front wall to these huts, and along the inside of the hut are neat kennels, all numbered, and looking like miniature stalls in stables, except that each is separately roofed. The dogs have their drill, parade, and manœuvering grounds, just as soldiers have; their administrative center; their

Photograph by International Film Service

This dog is guarding an unexploded shell on the French front. He has learned to stay in a given position on a given spot, even though every man in his regiment has departed.

mess-house, dressing station, and hospital.

"The first lesson the French war dog has to learn is obedience to the simple order: 'Still!' or 'Stay there!' At first he has merely to sit still at his commander's feet; but before the day is out he will learn to sit still also, while his instructor walks away across the drill-ground.

"Having learned to stay in a given position on a given spot, the war dog is then taught sentry duty; that is, to keep a sharp lookout in a given direction, and in that direction only. To this end, he sits erect in a sort of shooting butt, looking to his front, his view on either side being hemmed in by bare boards. The instructor stands in rear, and every time the neophyte turns his head round the instructor's voice sharply recalls him to his 'Post!' until very soon the word 'post' comes definitely to mean 'duty' to the dog.

"One of the most important parts war-dog training is liaison duty—the carrying of despatches. Carrying a despatch in his collar, the dog is liberated from a sentry post by one master, and bidden to travel to his front, belly to earth, to find his other master. Off he flies, and travels warily as any old campaigner, taking advantage of every fold in the ground for cover from fire."

TRAIN YOUR DAUGHTER FOR MARRIAGE

EIGHTY-SEVEN out of every hundred American girls marry. Yet not ten per cent of them are given the kind of education that fits them for marriage, says Ida M. Tarbell in *The Ways of Woman* (the Macmillan Company).

Girls leave school or college not prepared at all for marriage, and imperfectly prepared for self-support. In the old days a girl was, at least, thoroughly educated for marriage. She began at the age of three to piece a quilt or knit a stocking, and was disciplined in every branch of housekeeping. To-day economic conditions have changed, so that this kind of training can not always be given in the home. But its equivalent could and should be given in the schools. "For," says Miss Tarbell, "there is not a shadow of doubt but that this training would be of the greatest assistance in any work she might undertake in shop or factory or office."

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The chances are 87 to 13 that your daughter will marry; therefore make a practical housewife of her, says Miss Tarbell.

FOR THE GIRL WHO WANTS TO SING

Photograph by International Film Service

Beauty, pluck, and hard work are not enough to make you a prima donna like Miss Anna Case. You must have nasal chambers and vocal cords a little different from those of ordinary people.

BEFORE you choose grand opera as a career, and begin to make heavy payments to music teachers, better have your throat and nose examined and see whether they conform to specifications. Dr. Irving Winslow Voorhees gives in the *Medical Review of Reviews* the results of an investigation that convinces him that singing ability is largely dependent on peculiarly formed nasal chambers and vocal cords.

"I have studied the noses and throats of several of the great singers," he says, "and in each and every case can say that there was something remarkable about the formation of the nasal chambers or vocal cords or general muscular development of the chest. The tenor's vocal cords, for instance, are likely to be short and thick; the basso's, long and flat. I am told by a physician who has examined Caruso that he has a broad roof to the mouth, a large nasopharynx, very roomy nasal resonators, and short, thick vocal cords with knife-like edge."

FEWER BABIES

THIS is the rule of evolution—fewer offspring, a longer period of infancy, and more careful parental care. Wherever one looks in the animal kingdom he finds that rule working, as a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* points out. Take the fishes for example, as instanced by Sutherland:

"Of species that exhibit no sort of parental care, the average of forty-nine gives 1,040,000 eggs to a female each year; while among those which make nests or any apology for nests the number is only about 10,000. Among those which have any protective tricks, such as carrying the eggs in pouches, the average number is under 1000; among those whose care takes the form of uterine or quasi-uterine gestation which brings the young into the world alive, an average of 56 eggs is quite sufficient."

Coming down through human history, one finds the same law working. Among savage or semi-civilized peoples the birth-rate is very high, as is also the death-rate through enemies and disease. But, as fast as civilization makes its influence felt, the result is seen in a lowered birth-rate, accompanied by better care of the fewer children who are born.

Havelock Ellis recently pointed out that the nations in Europe which were most ready and eager for war—Germany, Russia, Serbia, Austria—are the countries of highest birth-rate, and hence of greatest economic pressure. And he adds: "Those who would seek to restore the birth-rate of half a century ago are engaged in a task which would be criminal if it were not based on ignorance, and which is in any case factious."

IT IS WELL WITH THE CHILD

(Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer in the Atlantic Monthly)

THE word has come—*On the field of battle, dead,*
Sorrow is mine, but there is no more dread.

I am his mother. See, I do not say,
"I was"; he is, not was, my son. To-day
He rests, is safe, is well; he is at ease
From pain, cold, thirst, and fever of disease,
And horror of red tasks undone or done.
Now he has dropped the load he bore, my son.

And now my heart is lightened of all fears.
Sorrow is mine and streams of lonely tears,
But not too heavy for the carrying is
The burden that is only mine, not his.

At eventide I may lay down my head,
Not wondering upon what dreadful bed
Perchance—nay, all but certainly—he lies;
And with the morn I may in turn arise,
Glad of the light, of food, now he
Is where sweet waters and green meadows be,
And golden apples. How it was he died
I know not, but my heart is satisfied;
Never again of all my days will one
Bring anguish for the anguish of my son.

Sorrow is mine, but there is no more dread.
The word has come—*On the field of battle, dead.*

THE STRUGGLES OF MICHELANGELO

PROUD, passionate, restless, and melancholy, forever driven forward by a devouring energy, forever impeded and turned aside by his vacillating, changeable temperament—this is the picture of Michelangelo that Romain Rolland gives us in his study of that great genius—*Michelangelo* (Duffield & Co.).

The thing that stands out in reading Michelangelo's life is the disparity between what he attempted and what he actually performed. No other man ever created so many great works of genius. Yet what he did was only a fragment of the great schemes he laid out for himself. He was continually plunging into undertakings beyond all possibility of his carrying out. Thus, when he was twenty-six years old, he signed a contract to deliver, in three years, fifteen figures of apostles and saints for an altar in Sienna.

"This," says the writer, "was the first of those overpowering commissions which Michelangelo never hesitated to undertake in the first intoxication of his imagination without any just estimate of his powers, and which weighed on him all his life like remorse." Only four of these figures were delivered. Two years later he undertook twelve statues for the Cathedral of Florence, but began only one, which was never finished.

His next project was a tomb for Pope Julius II. This was the great ambition of his life. It was to be a mountain of architecture with more than forty statues, some of them of colossal size. Michelangelo spent eight months in the mountains overseeing the cutting of the marble for it. But he had no sooner brought together the enormous pile of material and set to work than Pope Julius changed his mind and decided to have a colossal bronze statue raised to himself instead.

In vain Michelangelo protested that he understood nothing about the casting of bronze. He spent two years on the statue, nearly ruined his health over it, and in the end it was a failure.

Instead of letting him complete the tomb, the Pope now laid on him another terrible task. He ordered the sculptor, "who never painted except with reluctance, and who knew nothing of the technique of fresco," to paint the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. As always, Michelangelo began by resisting, but ended by becoming fired with the idea. This took four years of ceaseless, unwearying effort. Then Pope Julius died. Michelangelo resolved to finish the tomb; but after he had worked on it three years, the new Pope, Leo X, persuaded him to undertake something else.

And so it went all through his life. Always conceiving vast, splendid projects, always beginning them with a fury of enthusiasm and toiling like a Hercules to execute them, he would end by being seized with some new idea, for which he would abandon everything that had gone before.

His last work was the building of St. Peter's, one of the greatest architectural achievements of all time. This had already been begun by Bramante and Raphael. Michelangelo was put in charge of its completion. He undertook this work at the age of seventy-two. He never ceased working on it until his death at eighty-eight. He refused any pay for it. He wrote to his nephews: "Many people believe, as I do myself, that I have been placed at this post by God, I will not leave it, because I am serving for the love of God, and put all my hope in Him."

A NURSE WITH MISS NIGHTINGALE

© International Film Service

This old lady, the Baroness de Ravaut, nursed the wounded with Florence Nightingale in the Crimean War sixty-three years ago. She is eighty-five now, lives in Cairo, and wears five medals given her by the French government.

HOW MUCH DOES YOUR CHILD UNDERSTAND?

HOW much of what your children hear at school do they *really* understand? And how much is a mere meaningless jumble of words? The little girl who for years had been singing in Sunday-school "Gladly my cross-eyed bear" for "Gladly my cross I'd bear" has thousands of companions in trouble. The Manchester *Guardian* recently gathered these gems from the examination papers of a group of English school children:

In Trial by Ordeal a man could choose either to eat a piece of bread or a red-hot ploughshare.

In the South Sea Bubble heaps of people were irretrievably burnt.

Prince Hal became Henry V.; he was a highway robber when young, but of course had no need for it after.

When a man is drunk he swears at his wife and so renders her unfit for the morning's work.

Socialism means having all the railways run on one line and all that sort of thing which sounds rather hopeless.

I think that if women got into Parliament, she would want the Houses of Parliament decorated with lace curtains which are of course no use in the government.

DON'T TAKE A TRUNK TO THE TRENCHES

IT isn't altogether safe to take your tailor's advice as to what and what not you will need as equipment in the trenches. The London tailors who outfitted young officers sent them to France "looking more like Christmas trees than anything else," writes Captain Leslie Vickers in *Training for the Trenches* (George H. Doran Company). "No one could possibly have carried all the equipment they suggested, and no army service corps would ever have been able to handle it as baggage."

Here are some of the essentials, according to Captain Vickers:

First, the rifle—the soldier's best friend. "It should be cherished and cared for as if his life depended on it—as it frequently may. It must be kept free from all rust and dirt, well oiled and polished, and with every part of the mechanism in first-class working condition.

Photograph by International Film Service

If you are a cavalryman, the government supplies you with free spurs, a rubber poncho, an automatic revolver, and a carbine as part of your equipment. You will also carry a saber, although saber charges are practically unknown in this war.

"Another weapon that has proved itself indispensable in this war is the intrenching tool. It is a small instrument with a detachable handle, and the head itself has a shovel at one end and a pick at the other. It is a wonderful little tool for hasty intrenching, and no attack should be made without it.

"Another addition to the equipment of every soldier is the gas-mask. The best kind consists of heavy khaki cloth, kept wet with a solution to counteract and neutralize the chlorine in the gas, and equipped with goggles very much like what motorists wear.

"Of course a water-bottle must be carried, and must always be kept clean. On every possible occasion the soldier should wash it out with hot water and some form of disinfectant.

"Two pairs of boots should be taken, one pair on the feet and one pair in the pack. Tennis shoes should be carried, to put on at times to rest the feet.

"Emergency bandages, sewn into the tunic, may be the means of saving your life.

"Some means must be adopted for protecting the ears from the noises of the rifles and bombs and shells. Cotton wool will serve, but a much better device is on the market, called 'ear defenders'.

"Then, again, nearly every soldier will need a wrist-watch. This should be luminous; for there is much waste of time involved in striking a match."

YOUTH CHALLENGES

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Illustration by Lucius W. Hitchcock

At the end of his first day with the manufacturing firm of Bonbright Foote, Incorporated, Bonbright Foote VII, watching the streams of workmen leaving the shops, is attracted by a street speaker who is pleading with the men to form a union to fight the long hours and poor pay in the Foote factory. Seeing his secretary, Ruth Fraser, in the crowd, Bonbright joins her, and learns that the speaker is a boarder in the girl's home, and that her father was killed leading the Homestead strikers. She introduces him to the labor leader, Dulac, and Bonbright asks the man to meet him at some future time. That night at dinner he mentions his encounter with Dulac, to his father's obvious annoyance. There are guests—Malcolm Lichtenore, an automobile manufacturer, his wife, and daughter, whom Bonbright meets for the first time. He is conscious that his parents have chosen this girl for his wife. It makes him uncomfortable; but after dinner Ellis tells him she suspects what their parents are up to, and suggests that they be chums in spite of it. At the office next day the elder Foote conveys to his son that he has made a false start in business; that he has led the men to think him their friend, while his attitude toward labor—the traditional attitude of his house—must be distinctly unfriendly. He orders a placard to be posted—signed with his son's name—informing the men that any employee joining a trade union will be dismissed. This precipitates a strike. Strike-breakers are brought in, and that night is marked by riots. Mounted police charge the strikers, mowing them down. Bonbright, horrified at the sight, rushes at the police in an effort to stop them, and is arrested. In the station-house he refuses to give his name, and spends the night in jail, from which he is rescued in the morning by Lichtenor. The morning newspapers report Bonbright as owning the notice on the strikers. As soon as he reaches his office, the elder Foote sends for his son, demanding an explanation of the family name being dragged through newspaper columns. Bonbright refuses to discuss it. He explains the whole episode to Ruth Fraser, however. Later his father, believing that Dulac boards with her mother, directs Bonbright to dismiss the girl. Chagrined, but feeling keenly his helplessness, Bonbright discharges his secretary. That evening Dulac, who has become the idol of the men and of Ruth, makes a proposal of marriage to the girl. Before she has given her answer, her mother announces a caller and ushers in Bonbright. Dulac flies in a rage and leaves the house. Bonbright tells Ruth he has found a place for her in Lichtenor's factory. Bonbright's position in his father's office becomes more and more irksome as the strike draws on. One evening he calls on Ruth Fraser. Next morning his father sends for him and taxes him with an irregular alliance with his former secretary; and Bonbright, enraged at the insult to Ruth, leaves his father's factory. Ruth, meanwhile, is hungry in the empire of loud, good-hearted Malcolm Lichtenor. Leaving the office on the evening that Bonbright has left his father's factory, she finds him waiting for her. He induces her to go to dinner with him, and sends a message to her mother. Bonbright motors to a favorite restaurant beside a lake; and over the pleasant meal he becomes almost happy. Meantime Reuter, his father's confidential clerk, intercepts Bonbright's message to Mrs. Fraser, reads it, and then sends this note to Dulac: "Your girl's just gone to Apple Lake with young Foote in his car."

WHEN Bonbright flung out of his father's office that morning, he had recognized only a just rage. Hardly had his feet carried him over the threshold before rage was crowded out by the realization of love. His father's words had aroused his rage because he loved the woman they maligned! Suddenly he knew it.

"It's so," he said to himself. "It's so—and I didn't know it."

Almost at once he realized what a change this thing brought into his life, and the major consequences of it. First, he would have her—he must have her—he would not live without her. It required no effort of determination to arrive at that decision.

The family, dead and living, would be outraged. His father would stand aghast at his impiousness; his mother, class-conscious as few of the under dogs are ever class-conscious, would refuse to receive this girl as her daughter.

Now she was here within reach of his hand—her face, not beautiful by day, very lovely to his eyes as the rising moon stretched a ribbon of light across the lake to reach her with its magic glow—and he could not find words to say what must be said.

Then words came, a torrent of them, not coherent, but real. Ruth recognized the reality in them. "I want you," he said, standing over her. "I didn't know until to-day. I couldn't get along without seeing you, but I didn't know why. I want to be near you always. This morning I found out—and all day I've waited to see you. I can't go on without you—that's what you mean to me."

He became calmer.

"Maybe I've surprised you," he said. "Maybe I've frightened you. I hope not. I don't mean to frighten you. I want to keep all kind of suffering out of your life, if you'll let me. Won't you let me?"

He stood waiting.

"Mr. Foote," she said presently, "I—"

Then she stopped. She had intended to tell him about Dulac—that she loved him and had promised to marry him; but she could not utter the words. It would hurt him to know that she loved another man. She could refuse him without that added pain.

"Don't you see," she said, "how impossible it is? It wouldn't do—even if I cared for you."

"If you cared for me," he said, "nothing could make it impossible!"

"When you saw that your family wouldn't have me—when you found out that your friends wouldn't be friends with me, and that they didn't want to be friends with you any longer just because you married me—"

"I don't want any friends or family but you," he said eagerly.

"It would make trouble," the girl insisted, "trouble that couldn't be avoided nor dodged. You'd know I hated the things you stand for and the things you have to do."

"I think," he said, "that your word would be my law."

She sat silent, startled. *Her word would be his law.* Her influence would be upon him. And he was master of thousands of her class. He would be master of more thousands. If she were his wife, how would those laboring men be affected? Would her word be his law with respect to them? She could influence him—not abruptly, but gradually, cunningly. Thousands of men might be happier, safer from hunger and misery, closer to a realization of their hope, if she gave herself to this boy. She was filled with exultation.

"I"—she began, and was dimly conscious of shame at her duplicity—"I did not know you—wanted me this way. Let me think. I can't answer—to-night. Give me time."

His voice was glad as he answered, and its gladness shamed her again:

"I'd wait forever. But I don't want to wait forever. It is more than I hoped—more than I had the right to hope. I know I took you by surprise."

He laughed. She had never heard him laugh with such lightness before.

"Hope—I shall eat and drink hope until you—come to me. For you will come to me. I know it. It couldn't be any other way." He laughed again, gaily.

And then from out of the blackness of the surrounding shrubbery there plunged the figure of a man.

Before Bonbright could lift a hand to shield himself, blows began to fall—blows not delivered with the naked fist. Once, twice, again the man struck with the strength of frenzy. Ruth sat stunned, paralyzed by fright, and uttered no scream. Then she saw the face of Bonbright's assailant. It was Dulac—and she understood.

She sprang to him, clutched at his arm; but he hurled her off and struck again. It was enough. Bonbright stood wavering a moment, struggling to remain upright, but sagging slowly. Then he slumped to the ground in an uncanny sitting posture, his head sunk upon his knees.

RUTH stood looking down upon him with horror-widened eyes. Dulac hurled his weapon into the bushes, and turned upon her furiously, seizing her arm and dragging her to him, so that his eyes could burn into hers.

"Oh!" she moaned.

"I've taught him," Dulac said, his voice quivering with rage. "It was time—the vermin! Because he was rich he thought he was safe. He thought he could do anything. But I've taught him. They starve us and stamp on us—and then steal our wives and smirch our sweethearts."

Ruth tried to bend over Bonbright, to lift his head, to give him assistance; but Dulac pulled her away.

"Don't touch him! Don't dare to touch him," he said.

"He doesn't—move," she said in a horrified whisper. "Maybe you've—killed him."

"He deserved it. And you—have you anything to say? What are doing here—with him?"

"Let me go," she panted. "Let me see—I *must* see. He can't be—dead. You—you *beast!*" she cried shrilly. "He was good. He meant no harm. He loved me, and that's why this happened. It's my fault—my fault!"

"Be still," he commanded. "He loved you—you admit it."

"He asked—me—to—marry—him," she said faintly.

Suddenly she tried to break from him to go to Bonbright; but he clutched her savagely. When she cried out, his hand closed over her mouth, and he gathered her up in his arms and carried her away.

He did not look behind at Bonbright huddled there, with the ribbon of moonlight pointing across the lake at his limp body, but half staggered, half ran to his waiting car. A snarled word, and the engine started. Ruth, choking, helpless, was carried away, leaving Bonbright alone and still.

BONBRIGHT was on his hands and knees at the edge of the lake, dizzily throwing water on his head and face. He was struggling toward consciousness. Consciousness had not fully deserted him. Dulac had attacked him; Dulac had carried Ruth away. Somehow, he had no fears for her personal safety, but he must follow. He must *know* that she was safe.

Not many minutes had passed since Dulac struck him down. His body was strong, well trained to sustain shocks and to recover from them, thanks to four years of college football. Presently he raised himself to his feet, and stood swaying dizzily. With fingers that fumbled, he tied his handkerchief about his bruised head, and staggered toward his car, to follow Dulac.

To crank the motor (for the self-starter had not yet arrived) was a task of magnitude; but he accomplished it, and pulled himself into the seat. For a moment he lay upon the steering wheel, fighting back his weakness. Then he thrust forward his control lever, and the car began to move. The motion, the cool night air against his head, stimulated him. He stepped on the gas pedal, and the car leaped forward as if eager for the pursuit.

Out into the main road he lurched, grimly clutching the steering wheel, leaning on it for support, his aching, blurred eyes clinging to the illuminated way before him, and he drove as he had never ventured to drive before. Beating against his numbed brain was his will's sledge-hammer demands for speed, and he obeyed recklessly.

Roadside objects flicked by; mile after mile was dropped behind; the city's outskirts were being searched closer and closer—and then he saw the other car far ahead. All that remained to be asked of his car he demanded now, and he overhauled the less speedy machine. Now his lights played on its rear, and his horn sounded a warning and a demand. Dulac's car veered to the side to let him pass, and he lurched by, only turning a brief, wavering glance upon the other machine to assure himself that Ruth was there. He saw her in a flashing second, in the tonneau beside Dulac. She was uninjured. Then Bonbright left them behind.

The road narrowed with deep ditches on either hand. Here was the place he sought. He set the brakes, shut off the power, and swung his car diagonally across the road, so that it would be impossible for Dulac to pass. Then he alighted and stood waiting, holding on to his machine for support.

The other car came to a stop, and Dulac sprang out. Bonbright saw Ruth rise to follow; heard Dulac say roughly: "Get back! Stay where you are."

"No," she replied, and stepped to the road.

Bonbright could see how pale she was, how frightened.

"Don't be afraid," he said to her. "Nothing is going to—happen."

He stood erect now, free from the support of the car, waiting for Dulac, who approached menacingly.

"Dulac," he said, "I can't—fight you. I can't even—defend myself, unless you insist."

The men were facing each other now, almost toe to toe, Dulac's face was stormy with passion under scant restraint. Bonbright, though he swayed a bit unsteadily, faced him with level eyes. Ruth saw the decent courage of the boy, and her fear for him made her clutch Dulac's sleeve. The man shook her off.

"Dulac," said Bonbright, "I took Miss Frazer to the lake to—ask her to—marry me. I want her for—my wife. Do you understand? All the decency in the world," Bonbright went on, "isn't in—union men, workingmen. Because I have more money than you, you want to believe—anything of me."

Dulac laughed shortly.

"You've lied, the way your kind always lies."

Bonbright's lips straightened, his eyes hardened, and he leaned forward.

"I promised Miss Frazer nothing—should happen. It sha'n't. But you're a fool, Dulac. You know I'm telling the truth—but you won't admit it, because you don't want to. I've been wasting my breath. Now take Miss Frazer home—and be careful how you treat her."

He turned his back squarely, and pulled himself into his car. Then he turned to Ruth.

"Good night, Miss Frazer," he said, "I am sorry—for all this. May I come for—your answer—to-morrow?"

"No," she said tremulously. Then: "Yes."

Bonbright straightened his car in the road, and drove away. He was at the end of his strength. He wanted a doctor's advice, and then he wanted to lie down and sleep.

HE drove to the private hospital of a doctor he knew, a member of his club, and gained admission. The doctor himself was there, by good fortune, and saw Bonbright at once and examined the wounds in his scalp.

"Strikers get you?" he asked.

"Automobile mix-up," said Bonbright.

"Uh-huh," said the doctor. "I suppose somebody picked up a light roadster and struck you over the head with it. Not cut much. No stitches. A little adhesive'll do the trick—and then— Sort of excited, eh? Been under a bit of a strain? None of my business, of course. Get into bed, and I'll send up something to tone you down and make you sleep. You've been playing in too high a key—your fiddle-strings are too tight."

Getting into that cool, soft bed was one of the pleasantest experiences of Bonbright's life. He was almost instantly asleep—and he still slept even at the deliberate hour that saw his father enter the office at the mills.

Continued on page 15

© Harris

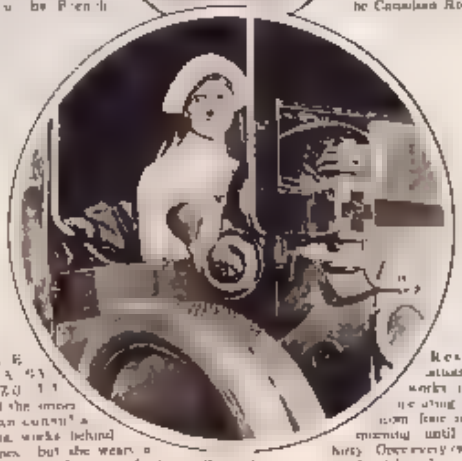
ABOVE at the left are two members of the Russian Battalion of Death and next thereto one of the women of the Rumanian Red Cross in attendance upon the Rumanian soldiers who elected death before dishonor in the "For Liberty and the Soul" World. Including Mr. Root got very much excited about the foregoing women soldiers which only shows how short is the memory of man. In Civil War days there was the gallant Charles D. Fuller of the Forty-ninth Pennsylvania "dismissed as being a female" for the second time and honorably discharged; and another Pennsylvania regiment Sergeant Frank Stayne died in action and forever put to bed a gir. Franklin Thompson of the Second Michigan fought well in several battles, but proved to be Miss Seelye" and was sent home together with Mrs. A. M. Blaylock of the Twenty-sixth North Carolina, who enlisted in Company F only to be "discharged for being a female."

THE SO-CALLED GENTLE SEX

CHEVEVIAN WALSH, U. S. N. was by no means turned down on account of her sex when she appeared at a Philadelphia recruiting station a day or two after war on Germany was declared. On the contrary she was pronounced "a perfect specimen of American womanhood," and detailed to aid the recruiting of the Naval Coast Defense Reserve. Since Chief Yeoman Walsh entered the enlistments in her example has been followed by dozens of other American girls.

MRS. LUCIA HENSHAW was fortunate a time her only woman captain in the armies of the Allies. Her position as came from Sir Sam Hughes commander of the Canadian forces, and was given her in order to the photographic way to the French

Mrs. Henshaw is not to state fully as a representative of the Daughters of the Empire. In spite of her rank Mrs. Henshaw is not really a warrior and instead of permitting people a pursuing her creative work flowers among the peaks and crannies of the Canadian Rockies.



MADAME MAZZOLA is referred the singer as an enemy a Rheims, works behind the lines, but she wears a bracelet made from an Austrian bullet which has caused her heart to last year. As the Ospedale di Santa Maria

Meanwhile Mme. Mazzola continues her

Between attacks she works in the operating room from four in the morning until midnight. Once every twenty-four hours she drives her ambulance herself forty miles away and brings in the wounded.

Pictorial Press

Pictorial Press

IF I weren't for the rumor that this is all that we know we might publish a thrilling little interview with Ruth Law on "What I saw while flying in northern France." Miss Law's services with the American Aviation Corps are of course an old story now, despite which she is an interesting personality. It is said that she can go downstairs for a yarn of nothing without requiring another airplane ride.

Pictorial Press

HOME, JAMES; THE

ROBERT speaking and on his subject that a capacity he was we feel like spreading ing the merits of the annual productions is he greatest city in the world could be divided into two classes the ones you left after the last act and the ones you wished you had left a little so much looking again at the all people keen and funny on scenes of reflecting in the kind-hearted ness the management is giving enjoyment of their dear relatives in the gay district, made-up-like a way morality that all productions are wearing this season. The treasu ni "The Country Cou ses" played by Mr Carlotte in he left that only Ohio people with long skirts and common-sense shoes de serve second helpings of dinner.

THEY are the perfect eugenic pair and their love passeth understanding as well as the requirements of the local board of hygiene. She knows all about her blood pressure and she has no illusions as to the reflex examination of Brian. So they are decided worthy to receive all assignments from the childless couple in "The Very Idea" to produce an infant for adoption. The very ideal

THE ...ght ... much ... the ... appeal ... a ... which ... warning ... a ... were ... time ... thoroughly ... all ... You ... have ... single ... evening ... without ... minute ... detachment, ... and ... suspense ... element ... sustained ... playwright. ... At ... party ... "A Tailor Made ... which looked like ... success ... he ... an ... known ... whose ... apparent ... before ... supper ... dance ... made ... speech ... then ... departed with ... guise ... humor.

THE ... on ... bench ... with ... was ... thing ... sneezes ... very ... and ... A ... Englishman ... Square ... saw ... a ... sweet-faced ... old ... lady ... her ... shabby ... worry ... and ... page ... "Help Wanted" ... clutched ... her ... trembling ... fingers. "The Inner Man" ... the ... story ... faith ... and ... regeneration ... in ... rather ... less ... gripping ... way.

THE ... in ... his ... stewards ... on ... his ... business ... young ... man ... most ... unsatisfied ... girls ... at ... this. "The ... is ... has ... we ... can ... see ... with ...

ERE'S NO PLACE LIKE IT

raphs by the Ivan Studio

I'm Blanche Duval's Dressing Room

Blanche Duval in her dressing room writing a little verse all about what she was her mamma is out of the door about the actress who realizes in a big scene but one day she might have been a social worker from the beginning. Take the mural from "The Ladies" and you can be movies. Then you can move in the best living island society and have an electric piano and no longer have to play "Over There" by the cuspidor fourth system.

"THE Eyes of Youth" see a great many things but Chris Smolin according to the play Marjorie Rambeau stars in. Also he see a great many things he even could have seen wearing for one last four years on the Bijou circuit. Emma Dunn in her dressing room with some of the kids in the Rose Stahl show and all he knows is that make the Saturday matinees turn so well

irtuse lies in the car that she shrinks at chunks that the young lady and the the mischief. A very natural mistake would not wear so trying a yachting cap "Mary's Ankle" so called for no reason Miss Emma Dunn in the chair

OPTED after we saw Emma in the play we think that a real the song at the ... le—comfortable, capable real life— on husband would ever catch his death peering down staircases in his pajamas at 2 A. M. just because his wife wasn't in her room. He would know that she had stayed over at her mother's. But in "Daybreak" somebody had to shoot Mr. B— to get it through his head that Mrs. B was in the Bronx staying up with a sick child, although that we had grasped on Act I clear from Q. S.

WHAT BECOMES OF BURGLARS?

LOTS of people on the level and slope believe that a burglar's only proper place is behind strong, unsympathetic bars. We, having read "Billchen a Burglar," know better than that, and are not surprised at the true story of Arthur O. Dowe. The Mr. Dowe on the left above was a thief. Then his mother died, and he went on a frightful carouse at the end of which he tried to kill himself. When he came to himself he decided he says, to give God a chance. The result was the present editor of Arthur Dowe, the man on the right.

SOME eight years ago, if you had been a rich city dweller visiting downstairs in the night for an airgun you might have encountered Mr. John Marston on his way out with the silver and knives. For Marston was a very clever burglar and one with nerves. He never robbed folks of moderate means, as a rule. But one day this burglar modified his views a bit by robbing an old and "with he skinflint of my trade and his middles," says the now highly respected Essex farmer. I am trying to make up for the old years."

JOHN MATTONE came to this country from only ten years ago, and fell in with some pretty bad companions. "We robbed even little fruit-ice pedlars, stop to do nigga man's house," says John thoughtfully and adds: "To think of bet now make me sick." John went from burglar to safe-cracking, six years ago, and his neighbourly spirit and cheerful hard-workingness have won him many lasting friendships. "Me and Christopher (the old fellow on the right) very hungry," says John.

ALBERT [illegible] Tony de Lorma, [illegible] an illiterate Italian, was sent to Sing Sing for a long term. Tony left a lot on the outside but still has love of music. With a common nail found in the prison scrap heap, by the light of a home-made candle Tony taught himself to read music. To-day although his freedom is still years away, he is the leader of what is probably the best prison band in the country and has raised scores of fellow prisoners who are now earning money in "an outside" branch.

BILLY [illegible] was known "Slip Tipsy in New [illegible] and became a very clever shop-lifter before her skirts had reached her shoe-tops. But when she turned twenty she met John Moffatt up and over some Ireland. It was love at first sight, and when Belle bravely told John all her dark past he just held out his hand and said: "All the more reason for having a bright future." Nearly ten years have passed since then, and their bright future has become their present, with the two little Lafferties here as chief brighteners.

DAVID [illegible] graduated decently from [illegible] Chicago, but read at the age of fifty-five. When Starling went into prison as a [illegible] he couldn't read or write, and his first reading lesson was given him by a cell mate on their whitewashed wall. He now a forceful lecturer on social subjects, and tells his well-dressed audiences: "My story may shock you but down-and-outs men are not surprised. They understand."

DAVE [illegible] now [illegible] tailor, street-corner evangelistic meetings, and so on, always in order to exercise his profitable trade as pickpocket. He still follows citizens about, now he does it with the idea of making them richer instead of poorer. "Every convert makes," says the Burglar Evangelist as Agnew styles himself, "makes me feel that I amount to something, after all the time I wore them wasted."

BILLY EASTMAN saw a chance to take some easy money away from its proper owner when he was sixteen, was arrested and served time. During the next fifteen years it was a pretty safe plan to address Billy care of some prison or other. When Billy went to McNeil's Island in Washington State he met a warden who took off Billy's stripes, gave him a plain serge suit and put him in full charge of the gang that piled between the island and Tacoma. Soon afterward he announced that he had been "born again" and now he is one of the most successful evangelists in the South.

Continued from page 10

Mr Foote was disturbed. He had not seen his son since the boy flung out of the office the morning before, had had no word of him. He had expected Bonbright to come home in the evening and had waited for him in the library to talk with him. He had come to the conclusion that it would be best to throw some sort of slip to Bonbright in the way of apparent authority, of mock-responsibility. It would occupy the boy's mind, he thought, while in his way altering the conditions or affecting the end to be arrived at. Bonbright must be held. If it were necessary to administer an anesthetic while the operation of remaking him into a true Foote was performed, why, the anesthetic would be forthcoming.

It Bonbright h dinn coming, r get with twelve st kes on the clock his father retired, to no purpose resting sleep. On his desk no progress had been made with his book. That work required a calm Mr Foote could not master.

HIS first act, after seating himself at his desk, was to summon Rangar.

"My son was not at home last night," he said. "I have not seen him since yesterday morning. I hope you can give me an account of him."

"Not home last night, Mr Foote?"

Manifestly Rangar was startled. He had not been at ease before, for he had been unable to pick up any trace of the boy this morning. It might be that he had gone too far when he sent his anonymous note to Dinar. Dalac had gone in pursuit of him, he had made sure. But what had happened. Had not matters gone further than the mere thrashing he had hoped for. He was frightened.

"I directed you to keep him under your eye."

"Your directions were followed, Mr Foote, so far as was possible. I know where he was yesterday, and where he went last night, but when a young man is running around the country in an automobile with a girl, it's mighty hard to keep at his heels. He was with that girl."

"When? What happened?"

"He waited for her at the Lightener plant. She works there now. They drove out the avenue together—some place into the country. Mr Bonbright is a member of the Apple Lake Club, and I was sure they were going there. That's the last I know."

"Telephone the Apple Lake Club. See if he was there, and when he left."

Rangar neized to do so, and returned presently to report that Bonbright and a young lady had dined there, but had not been seen after they left the table.

"Call Malcolm Lightener—at his office. Once the boy stayed at his house."

Rangar made the call, and, not able to repress the malice that was in him, went some steps beyond his directions.

"This is Rangar, Mr Lightener—Bonbright Foote, Incorporated. Mr Foote wished me to inquire if you had seen Mr. Bonbright between six o'clock last night and this morning."

"No. Why does he ask me?"

"Mr. Foote says Bonbright stayed with you one night, and he thought he might have done so again. Mr Foote is worried, sir. The young man has—er—vanished, so to speak. He was seen last at your plant about five o'clock. In his automobile, Mr Lightener. He was waiting for a young woman who works for you—a Miss Frazer, I understand. Used to be his secretary. They drove away together, and he hasn't been seen since. Mr Foote has feared some sort of an understanding between them."

"Ah," grunted Lightener. "Don't know anything about it. But I'll have to look after his own son—if he knows how."

Then the receiver clicked.

Lightener swung away from the telephone and scowled at the wall. "He don't look it," he said presently, "and I'm darned if she does. Huh!" He pressed a button.

"Send in Miss Frazer," he said to the boy who answered the buzzer.

In a moment Ruth stood in the door.

"She sprang to him, clutched at his arm—but he hurled her off and struck again. Bonbright stood wavering a moment, then slumped to the ground."

"Miss Frazer," he said gruffly. "I make it a practice always to mind my own business except when there's some reason for not minding it—which is frequent."

"Yes, sir," she said, as he paused.

"Mr. Bonbright Foote seems to be causing his family anxiety," Lightener said. "He's disappeared. I guess they think that you have carried him off. Did you go somewhere with him in his car last night?"

"You have no right to question me, Mr Lightener."

"Don't I know it? But I like you, and I like him also. I think his father's a stiff-backed, aberration-ridden fool. Something's happened, or Foote wouldn't be telephoning around. He's got reason to be frightened. Well, then? Were you with Bonbright last night?"

"Yes, sir."

"When did you see him last?"

"A little after nine o'clock last night."

"Where?"

"Going toward home—I thought."

"He didn't go there. Where else would he go?"

"I don't—know."

Her voice broke; her self-control was deserting her.

"Hey—hold on there. No hysterics or anything. Won't have 'em. Brace up!"

"Let me alone, then," she said childishly. "Why can't you let me alone?"

She had sunk into a chair and covered her face. He stood over her, scowling.

"I—confound it, I'm not deviling you. I'm trying to haul you out of a mess. Quit it, will you?"

THE door opened, and Miss Lightener tripped in to the room.

"Hello, dad," she said. "I want—"

She stopped to look at her father, and then at Ruth, crouched in her chair.

"What's the matter, dad?" Hilda asked. "You haven't been scaring this little girl? If you have—" She paused threateningly.

"Oh, the devil! I'll get out. You see if you can make her stop it. Cuddle her or something. I've done a sweet job of it. Miss Frazer, this is my daughter. Er—I'm going away from here."

And he went, precipitately.

After a brief silence Hilda laid her hand on Ruth's head.

"What's dad been doing to you?" she asked. "Scare you? His bark's a heap sight worse than his bite."

"I'm just upset—that's all," said Ruth. "I'll be—all right in a moment." But she was not all right in a moment. Her sobs increased.

Hilda's face grew sober and her eyes darkened as, among Ruth's broken, choking words, she heard the name of Bonbright Foote.

After a time Ruth grew quieter, calmer.

"I'll tell you what you need," said Hilda. "It's to get away from here. My electric's downstairs. We'll drive around a bit, and then I'll run you home. You're all a-quiver."

When Ruth had bathed her face and put on her hat, the two girls left the factory.

Hilda Lightener represented a new experience to Ruth. Never before had she come into such close contact with a woman of a class she had been taught to despise as useless and worse than useless. Even more than they hated the rich man, Ruth's class hated the rich man's wife and daughter.

But Hilda succeeded in making Ruth feel that she was trustworthy. At first Hilda carried on a monologue. Gradually Ruth became more like her sincere, calm self, and she met Hilda's advances with

Display, the Wageless Clerk—Does He Work for You?

By JAMES H. COLLINS

Illustration by Jessie Gillespie

A MAN who has furnished some of the best ideas in the toy trade in the past year or two was a traveling salesman five years ago. Tired of trains and country hotels, he put his savings into a retail shop of his own. It could not be on the main shopping street—for economy's sake he had to choose a little place on a [illegible] [illegible] be built up into an all-year [illegible] which everybody said was rank foolishness, because toys are sold only in two or three short seasons, chiefly just before Christmas.

He Sold This Man's Dolls

But when this new merchant went down to open his tiny shop, he found a clerk ahead of him, waiting to go to work. This clerk asked no wages, and was willing to labor night as well as day. He had often seen him loafing around other merchants' stores during his years on the road—idle because nobody had enterprise enough to tell him what to do. That clerk's name was Display, and his place was in the show window, and even while the new toyman was unpacking his wares he set him a task.

There were some fine dolls in the fresh stock—cheap, too. An old picture-frame, several yards of black cheesecloth, and an electric light were given Display, to help him [illegible]. These were made into a [illegible] arrangement that gave the dolls a sort of oil-painting effect.

Display, the wageless clerk, often had as many as eighty spectators looking at him, and the new toyman inside the shop was busy wrapping up dolls and getting acquainted with youngsters by their first names. After that came a succession of other novel windows—witches' garden, log cabin, Hallowe'en, and other effects.

To-day that toyman occupies a three-story building, and is busy every month of the year.

Here are some interesting facts that even some merchants fail to discover in merchandise.

First. Merchandise is always made for people.

Second. Good merchandise has a fascination for people: they like to look at it, inquire into its workings, come under its spell.

Third. About the best sales work for good merchandise is to put it where people can see and touch it, preferably by itself, so that attention will be centered.

Display, the wageless clerk, is always ready to utilize this fascination of merchandise, and the public likes to be left alone with the goods and with him in a show window or store arrangement. But, rather oddly, not one merchant in three understands how to set Display to work, and thus many retail shops are junk-heaps instead of real mercantile centers.

There was another person who got tired of selling things for others, and started an electrical shop, to be in business herself—for this was a woman.

She had a poor location, too, but she knew people and electrical contrivances, and was willing to let Display work for her. In fact, her enterprise was launched with the idea that there would be only three salesmen in the store—and not one of them a man. The first was herself, the second her show window, and the third her telephone.

Display Inside as Well as Outside

THAT little shop has become quite famous among people who study good business methods. The window is dressed two or three times a week, and in such novel ways that things stand out.

Any good human salesman soon learns to attach customers to himself—people who like his personality and rely on his knowledge. Display has a bigger following of personal customers than most merchants realize, for there are thousands of folk who shop entirely by windows, and make their selections before entering the store. Display has such a leisurely way of letting them take their time to make selections. People like that—especially men.

The lady of the electrical shop is a good saleswoman herself. She has tact, and can tell immediately whether a new customer is in the cash or credit class, and exactly how to deal with him or her. If she simply allowed Display to halt people on the sidewalk, and interest them in some window [illegible], and then sell to those who ventured inside the shop, she would have a [illegible] trade. But she lets Display sell his own customers even after they come inside. [illegible] [illegible] cleaners, and look to their hea[illegible] [illegible]. If they want some article explained, [illegible] proprietor comes forward. If she is waiting on one customer, another finds plenty to hold her attention until she can be attended to. To add to the attractions, there are fancy china, bridge favors, and other non-electrical things of feminine ap[illegible]. This shop turns its stock nine times [illegible] profitable business.

[illegible] and manufacture American merchandise usually have a clear understanding of Display as a selling help, and put their goods up in such ways that they can be arranged in a show-case and left to explain and sell themselves. Retail merchants do not always understand this so well. If you are a retail merchant or buyer or clerk, get the habit of looking at all merchandise from this particular angle of its fascination. How far can you utilize the silent, tireless, unpaid service of Display to sell it? How far can you go in letting [illegible] sell itself?

Here ends this instalment of "Youth Challenges"

out reservation. When Hilda left Ruth [illegible] both girls carried away a sense [illegible] something new of value [illegible] you come back to the office to-day," Hilda told her. "I'll settle dad."

[illegible] opening her heart.

Ruth went to her room, and remained there until the supper hour.

When she and her mother and Dulac were seated at the table, her mother began a characteristic jeremiad:

"I hope you ain't coming down with a spell of sickness. Seems like sickness in the family's about the only thing I've been spared, though other things worse has been a-plenty. Here we are, just in a sort of a breathing spell, and you begin to look a' peaked, and home from work with maybe losing your place, for employers is hard without any consideration and food so high and all. I wasn't born to [illegible] ease, nor any chance of looking forward, like some women, though doing my duty at all times to the best of my ability [illegible] of the fever, with [illegible] bed, and doctors and medicines and worry."

"I'm not going to be ill, mother," said Ruth. "Please don't worry about me."

"If a mother can't worry about her [illegible] from [illegible]

Ruth turned [illegible]

Dulac had not hoped to escape a reckoning with Ruth, and now, he supposed, she was demanding it. He was a trifle [illegible] and went silently [illegible] back his chair [illegible] downtown," he [illegible] quick escape.

RUTH did not begin at once, but walked over to the window of the little parlor, and, leaning her elbow against the frame, pressed her forehead against the cool glass. She wanted to clear and make direct and coherent her thoughts.

Then she turned and began abruptly.

"Mr. Foote asked me to marry him last night," she said, and stopped. "That is why he took me out to the lake. At first I was astonished. I was going to tell him I loved you and that we were going to be married."

She went on with an effort.

"Then something came to me—and it frightened me. You know, I want to do something for the cause. It's hard for a woman to do such a thing—but I saw a chance. He's just a boy, and I am strong enough to influence him. And I thought how his wife could help. He will own thousands of laboring men [illegible] and thousands. If I married [illegible] couldn't I do for them? That's what I thought about, and so—so I didn't refuse him. I told him I'd give him my answer later."

Dulac's face had changed from sullenness to relief, from relief to astonishment, then to black anger.

"Your answer!" he said passionately. "What answer could you give but [illegible] You're mine. That's the answer you'll give him. You thought about his money. You thought what his wife would have—how she would live. You thought about luxuries, about automobiles, about jewels, laboring men! Hell! He offered to buy you—and you looked at the price, and it was enough to tempt you. You'll give him no answer. I'll give it to him, and it'll be the same kind of answer I gave him last night. But this time—"

"Stop! That's not true. You know it's [illegible] true. I've promised to marry you—[illegible]ve loved you. Yes, I've loved you. If I didn't love you, if I did care for Mr. Foote, it would be different. But I am [illegible] up more than he can ever return [illegible] with all his money. Knowing I love [illegible] will have to go to him and be his [illegible] and pretend—pretend—day after [illegible], year after year—that I love him. I'll have to deceive him. I'll have to hold his love and make it stronger, and [illegible] I'll come to *loathe* him. Does th[illegible] easy? Could money buy that [illegible] into your heart and see."

Dulac strode to her, and his hands fell heavily on her shoulders; his blazing black eyes burned into hers.

[illegible] He sha'n't ha[illegible] You're [illegible] long to the cause—not to me [illegible] the cause, too. Body and [illegible] What am I to you [illegible] Your duty [illegible] try to make me do this thing [illegible] help. What other thing could do [illegible] will d[illegible]

"You're mine. He has every[illegible]ng else. He sha'n't have you."

"It is for me to say," she replied gently. "[illegible]m so sorry if it hurts you. I'm sorry any part of the suffering and sorrow must fall on you. Oh, don't make it harder!"

He flung her from him roughly.

"You're like all of them. W[illegible] [illegible]ates you. You fear poverty [illegible] luxuries—you all—you women [illegible]ing to sell your souls for them."

"In a few months," said the girl, "you will have forgotten me. [illegible] that, and the knowledge [illegible] doing for those poor men, will be all the [illegible]ness I shall have. You believe me, [illegible] you, dear? You must, you must believe me."

He approached her again.

"[illegible]ook at me! Look at me!" he demanded, and she gave her eyes to his.

He turned away, his head sinking upon his breast, and when he spoke, the passion and the rancor were gone from his voice. [illegible] lower, quivering, almost gentle.

[illegible] tha[illegible]n't. It isn't necessary. It [illegible] required of you.

SHE went to him and stroked his black [illegible] gently.

[illegible]

Her voice trembled pitifully.

"Oh, I see my way—and it is hard, [illegible]

[illegible] she was sure at last, very sure. She was certain that she was not blinded by glam[illegible] not fascinated by the man and his [illegible] a secret recess of her heart, a shad[illegible]

He arose and walked toward the door.

[illegible] dry. She could not weep. She could only crouch there and peer into the blackness of the gulf that lay at her feet. Then the door-bell rang and she started. Eyes wide with tragedy, she looked toward the door, for she knew [illegible]

How I Became a Contented Woman

HAV[illegible] felt so sorry for [illegible] yourself that you shed tears on [illegible] And did you realize that you were less miserable than any one that had to be around you? This [illegible] was true in my case, and it has been my [illegible]

I always had been a fast walking woman, and when my eyes got so that I could not use them, I was more than nervous. I was simply unbearable.

While I was in this condition my husband was transferred to a reservation. It was a government post, and was four miles from town. There were only about [illegible] families there, and they had lived in the place so long, and had become so used to the isolation, that they did not realize that a stranger was not like them—so self-ishly contented. There were no social affairs; and, as I could not read [illegible] any of those books I bought I would surely stagnate.

I Feel Myself Treated Badly

I HAD had never lived away from a railroad before, and [illegible] I was cut off from the world in such a place made me [illegible] home, although I had not liked it when we [illegible] When [illegible] husband [illegible] to town for anything, I would be in a perfect [illegible] see why he wanted to go off and leave me and my little boy alone, even for a couple of [illegible] business for the office, but [illegible] thought [illegible] thing but that it was done to harass me.

And my little boy worried me. When he played in the house, I was always jumping up to catch him when I thought he [illegible] I [illegible] of the things [illegible]

On the other hand, if he played out of [illegible] minutes before [illegible] I was not [illegible] he was with me, for when he was outside

A Job is Offered Me

WE had been in this place three months when the matron's position in the government Indian school became vacant. I was the only woman there who was not encumbered with small children, so the place was [illegible] position would impose upon me; but at last I agreed to take it. However, I did not see how [illegible] things [illegible] I went [illegible]

The Indian children were diseased, especially with trachoma, and I was afraid my boy would take it.

My husband, believing it was a [illegible] place for me, insisted on my taking it, [illegible] but because he knew I had to work, but because he knew [illegible]

In a few weeks I was going the rounds trying to keep peace among the children and trying to oversee the work. It was not long before I had quite forgotten my ailments and nerves. There were so many things to be looked after that I did not have the time to sit down and think what an unfortunate woman I was.

Work Among the Indians

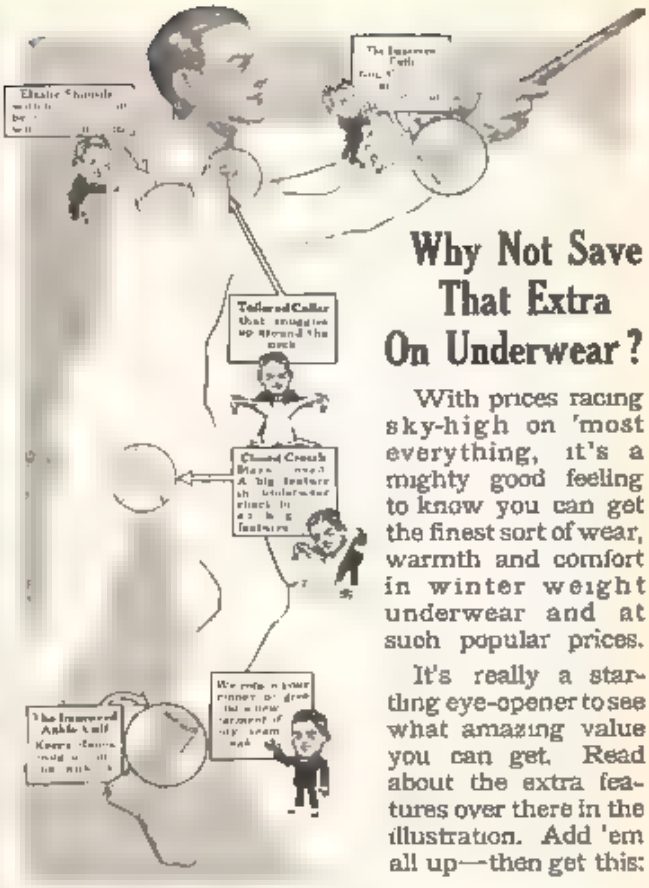
THE children came to me to make up their fingers; the employees had their differences, and the superintendent came to me and talked over new plans in the arrangements of wash-rooms.

When I was in my room, half [illegible] minutes passed without some one coming to my door for something; and the [illegible] I had to complain of was that I did not have time to worry!

I filed [illegible] work in this school [illegible] that I took the civil service examination for matron's work, and I was given the place permanently. When I got my appointment I went over the work with a mess [illegible] had an efficiency report to keep up. The [illegible] was not difficult, [illegible] and [illegible]

On account of my husband being an employee in the service, I was allowed a non-competitive examination, and I did not have to go away to take it. I had [illegible] practical [illegible]

[illegible] separate beds are furnished, and the dormitories are kept scrupulously clean; the [illegible] once a week, and treatments for trachoma [illegible] I have [illegible] eyes than I could have been had I not [illegible]



Why Not Save That Extra On Underwear?

With prices racing sky-high on 'most everything, it's a mighty good feeling to know you can get the finest sort of wear, warmth and comfort in winter weight underwear and at such popular prices.

It's really a starting eye-opener to see what amazing value you can get. Read about the extra features over there in the illustration. Add 'em all up—then get this:

Hanes Winter Weight Underwear is made of fine, long-fibre cotton, snug-fitting, sightly and strongly made. Every seam is guaranteed unbreakable where the wear is greatest. It is springy and comfortable, warm and cozy. Bull strong—washing can't faze it

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Ask the Hanes dealer to let you see these two big underwear values. If you don't know him, write us. Don't let this chance slip by, but stock up against cold weather by buying a half dozen suits before your dealer is sold out.

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HANES

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Warning to the Trade—Any garment offered as Hanes is a substitute unless it bears the "Hanes" label.

IF

If there had not been a stricken road on the battlefield of Waterloo not shown on Napoleon's maps, the history of the battle and of the years following might have been utterly different.

If [illegible] of our acquaintance had not missed his train one [illegible] his business [illegible] young [illegible]

[illegible] Bookkeeper [illegible] and most interesting [illegible]

We [illegible] detailing an experiment of this kind. [illegible] and regular rules for any others we can [illegible] received by us not later than November [illegible] returned.

If you had crossed that street, if [illegible] that day, "if" the telephone had not rung at just that minute—

What have you to tell that is interesting under the heading "If"?

Bruce Barton, *Editor*
381 Fourth Avenue, New York

What Herbert Hoover Eats

Food Administrator Herbert Hoover and Mrs. Hoover who practises in her kitchen the gospel of food conservation that Mr. Hoover preaches to the people

GO out and give Herbert Hoover garbage-can the once-over the world know what it

He walked slowly over to

Herbert Hoover hasn't any garbage-

Herbert Hoover has a garbage-can, but it doesn't hold much.

Hoover practises what Mr. Hoover preaches. Three meals a day at Hoover house are square, but they

"Hooverized." No article of food appears

Breakfast at the Hoover home consists

wheat. Sometimes there are extra

of some sort. Wheat bread has not appeared on the Hoover table yet. Instead

Herbert Hoover has a garbage-can, but it doesn't hold much.

Hoover practises what Mr. Hoover preaches. Three meals a day at Hoover house are square, but they

"Hooverized." No article of food appears

Breakfast at the Hoover home consists

product, is served in sparing quantities. This meal would make any

happy.

Dinner is the biggest of the small meals.

laboured. Hoover declares that

young live stock of the country must be conserved; hence he eats no veal or lamb

as Herbert Hoover. Moreover, he

would rather eat at home.

Perhaps "war menus" aren't so bad, after all. How does your garbage-can size up with Mr. Hoover's?

Be Careful When You Buy Furs

BUSINESS

stop, look, and listen.

ins and outs to the fur trade than

The heart of a leg hunting expert[illegible] the value of a pelt enormously

the deception, and often experts be-

selves are fooled. This salesman bought

men easy victims.

The fact that romance and

smuggled in

spector—the house owner was thoroughly and enthusiastically sold.

After he had repeated his performance a few times—after he had disposed of all of the furs, that is to say, the slow wits of the sailor hatched out an audacious plan. Why not sell furs in this way all the time? His plan was to buy cheap furs at wholesale and make a house-to-house canvass, employing the same story that had brought him such happy returns before.

The sailor was so successful that other dishonest fur salesmen soon followed example. Before long a half dozen looking and breathing the st hundreds of dollars' worth of cheap imitation furs for thousands of dollars. Some of them still may be walking the residential streets of inland cities.

The fur of few animals is so universally highly admired as that of the silver fox. Then, too, there is a high premium of romance attached to his name. Silver fox somehow suggests ice and the evergreens, crisp auroral mornings, and the crack of a Winchester. A genuine silver fox is worth $1000 in the open market, often more—much more if it is exceptionally fine. But how cleverly and easily the precious creature may be counterfeited!

The girl is the "real thing", but where the wonderful Royal Bengal rug one can not be quite sure. It may be tiger all the way through, and then again it may be tiger to the tips of three of the four feet, and plain old-fashioned goat to the end of the fourth.

How to Store Your Energy

WE are all like huge electric batteries—capable of storing up sufficient energy to keep us full vitality for years to come. But many of us have wounded wires, and the energy that should be conserved is leaking away in a

without constantly tapping his foot on the floor. Another will twist his mustache, or stroke his hair, or play with it. I know one man who is everlastingly fixing his clothes or adjusting his necktie. All these needless and use-

deserted him. Then he faced a new situation in his mind, robbed of its change-counting occupation, and he found himself glancing down from time to time to see if they were swinging with precision. But by this time he had gained some form of control over his mind, and it was an easy step to remove his attention from his arms, and give it to the scenes, people, and incidents that he encountered on his strolls.

may argue. But any

d you will

things that

self? If you

where you're

of power, and your b

down. Look for the grounded

E. M.

It is about

nerve-paths.

A young woman I know can not sit in a theater or church without counting the number of wings, rows, or stripes on the wall-paper, usually trying to settle on the center one and watching it with an eagle

A man recently told me that he could not enjoy a stroll unless he had a bunch of money to count in his right-hand trousers pocket. If he did not have any loose change when he went out for a walk he would go and get some.

Can habits such as these be changed? Yes; if new thoughts are formulated and placed in command of the mind. New actions must be executed with decision and regularity. A new habit must repeatedly and persistently be wrought out.

For example, my friend who could not enjoy a walk unless he had some loose change in his pocket to count told me how, with his wife's cooperation, he broke himself of his habit. From the time he left his door he would keep his mind on his hands, swinging them at his sides in brisk military fashion. In less than a week his desire to count loose change

that he had acquired travels. He feared that if he attempted to sell them to established fur

the customs author

small town near New York and

the first residence that looked prosperous. The owner of the house glimpsed the sailor, costume and invited him in.

in. The sailor told him in mysterious tones that he had something to sell, opened his suit-case of pelts, and told the house owner simply and frankly how he happened to have them. When he wound up his story with the smuggling episode—wrapping the furs about his chest and slipping past the customs in

To understand precisely how the task of imitation is accomplished, let us, who have never gazed upon a silver fox, examine its pelt hastily. Contrary to the descriptiveness of its name, it is not of a gleaming, scintillating silver hue. The silver fox is black—glossy black. Back of his ears and extending downward, angle silver hairs appear. They are in no greater profusion than the crystals in a pinch of diamond dust thrown on a pad of black velvet.

Now let us counterfeit the silver fox. First we dye the hair of a red fox black, and, one at a time, we painstakingly insert the white hairs of a rabbit. Presto! we have increased its market value ten-

However, the fur dealer who

cross between a red fox and a w

his cus

The black dye in pe

hairs will not dep

they inserted

With proper care, Japanese musk can be made to impersonate the higher grades of mink, and for serviceability one is the other. Dyed opossum is sold

skunk, inferior grades of skunk are made to imitate better grades, small pelts are sewed together craftily and sold as one pelt, summarily. The chief object of the fur man is to make the best he can of the available material. In this he follows the custom of all manufacturing enterprises.

If the reader at this point, or previously, has begun to entertain doubts concerning the genuineness of furs in his or her possession, let him or her take consolation in the fact that not one person in many thousands can detect imitation. Your secret is safe just as long as your conscience be-

Loring Brent.

Is He the Oldest Student?

WHEN the boys of Marshall College, at Huntington, West Virginia, stepped up their diplomas last June, James William Samples was there, as bright and alert the best of them.

years old, according to the calendar, but judged by the much more reasonable standard his feelings, he is only a fraction of that. He is extolling proof of the statement frequently made in is magazine that a man is never old until h growing. Dr. Samuel Johnson once remarked that at thirty-five a man had reached the peak of his life, the point where the road turned down. On the other hand, Bismarck, who died at eighty-three, did the greatest work of his career after seventy; Commodore Vanderbilt increased the mileage of his roads from

birthday and his death; Gladstone took up a language at seventy.

Write with these great names the name of James William Samples. Can any other college show a student of anything like his years?

The Giant Heater

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ACCOUNTANT

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Write to

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk 24A
EVERY WEEK
384 Fourth Avenue - New York City

The Story of Our Home

N

one hundred dollars

What good thing in your life

paid, and

o things, and, while she knew she w
have to sacrifice a great many pleasures
as she had been used to, she did not hesitate. We boarded with her parents the first year, in which time we succeeded in getting together some little cash to build.

bungalow with a green-tiled roof, thirty-six by forty, seven rooms and bath, and a porch twelve feet wide extending across the entire front. The editor of the magazine gave us the address of an architect who drew up the plans and specifications. The work was done by a local contractor, and cost $2,680.

A friend advised me to borrow the money on a long time, easy terms loan, payments in such amounts as we should happen to have, thus cutting down the amount of interest as well as the principal. He voluntarily agreed to indorse me.

As soon as the money was in our possession, my wife assumed the management of affairs, keeping a strict account

Half the grounds we used for a garden, which I planted and worked in the early morning when my office companions were in bed, and in the evenings when they were loafing around cigar stores or in the pool-room. I planted fifteen peach trees from which we sold over one hundred dollars' worth of fruit before they were too old to yield. While these trees were maturing I planted strawberries between the rows. Our records show sales from these plants to be eighty dollars before the trees shaded them too much to bear.

We grow all the vegetables we need for summer and winter use, and sell corn, beans, onions, tomatoes, etc., to our neighbors. Every fall we make a list of

through the winter and well into the summer. This list we submit to our grocer, and the lowest bidder furnishes our supply. Being a cash proposition, they are all anxious to bid, and we figure a saving of from four to six per cent on the amount invested.

E. D. K.

The Gods and Little Fishes —*Continued from page 7*

waters of Venetian canals. She saw white-balconied palaces, rich costumes of velvets. She found herself sitting motionless, tears in her eyes, and in her heart—wonder

are more sensitive to a change in atmosphere than are men. Both Jean and Greta were rather subdued when the Dunch left the house, but Billy Grex was ill unregenerate. He tried to imitate

say, Miss Zabriskie, wouldyu like to

stood beside Madame Norveldt and Har-

Jean turned again to her
looked at the phonograph with eyes suddenly sharp. She opened the drawer of her dressing-table, took out the letter, and read it through

Yes, I have read "A Poet o
Rino" and "Her Majesty the S
I think you know
"them," for they are just alike. They are very

Success is success, and if these things were your pictures (not I would have nothing to say; I have nothing to say of Nora Flint Woody

butter. They are doing the best they
But you do know better. You really can write. These things are not good, because you write them with your left hand and with your tongue

thought so very good when it was about a

et began to paint peasants, modern art did

It restored her poise momentarily to speak thus casually of two great mas-

The snub which she had received from Madame Norveldt had been only a bol. In itself that had not depressed her It had been the sudden illuminating

immie Dawes puerile, a world which had

how utterly different had been Mallet's enjoyment of Madame Norveldt and Harcourt from the enjoyment which he had

most astounding revelation of all was that

own stories. You make no attempt to gras their lights and shades, to see them as humans You treat them as a class, and do not try to see them as individuals. Is it possible that in all ew York you are unable to find one shop girl

hunters to buy a new hat, one thug who does

with a sense of humor and decent English? Can you not reach greater ars by showing these people as they are than as they are not?

You say that such stories would n

for a time? A girl with a clay voice or a trick

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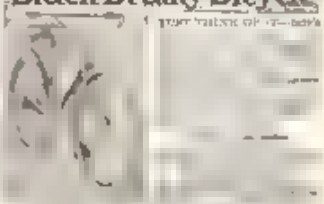
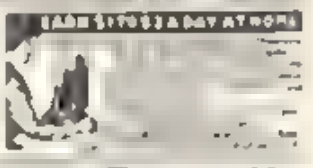


MAKE $100 A DAY AT HOME



Typewrite the New Way.

"I Can Succeed!"

have a brain and a brain has a life [illegible] reached the height of [illegible] the first [illegible] equally well whether your [illegible] chorus girls or in Greek ves[illegible]

Jean stopped and caught her breath. Before, she had read the letter hastily, skimmingly. "Same old bunk," had been her comment. But now she was reading every word, and what she saw made her disbelieve her own eyes.

Let me tell [illegible] instance: The other day in the college library, while waiting for Professor Lampton, I picked the top volume off a pile of new books waiting to be catalogued. It was a treatise on fish. Now I can not think of a subject on earth in which I have less interest than fish, but the colored plates were magnificent, and I began to look at them.

Then paragraphs from the clear-cut pages leaped out to my eye, and before I knew it I was [illegible] them, absorbed. I know nothing of fish; I want to know nothing of fish; but for those pages I was thrilled with admiration. For two reasons—and [illegible] the man who wrote those lines [illegible] He loved fish, and spoke with the [illegible] of authority; but more than that he wrote with the careful style of a colorful gentle[illegible]

It was only by accident that he was writing of fish. His style would have been just as perfect applied to love or to statecraft. I do not know who wrote those pages. He may be a trapper or he may be a dusty curator in some provincial museum; but if he and Macaulay should meet to-morrow they would have everything in common.

Jean, learn to [illegible] as that man learned [illegible] and acquire an art the [illegible] are puffing noisily on minor issues that they make us think are important; but somewhere, even to-day, great engineers are stoking to run the long track that writers have always run to the real end. Do you want to come to the end of your switch, or do you want to go back to the beginning, acquire the heavy trans-continental equipment, and run the main line?

THE main line! Jean laid down the letter, then stared at the wall of her room, its phrases ringing in her mind. She began to undress, but still stared at the wall, the phrases still ringing. The strange coincidence of the book of fishes did not even excite her. It might not be the same book. But everything she had heard that evening—the talk of Le Sage, the cathedral tones of the music, and now this warning letter—had been so insistently on one deep tone that the coincidence seemed like intent. The whole evening had so pricked the bubble of her success, had made her feel so mean and tiny, that the coincidence merely added to her depression.

Arthur Little was not in love with Jean. She had never been in love with him, except perhaps in a school-girl way; but inevitably in her mind he had been so associated with her career that in her greatest moments of disbelief she had never been able to dislodge him. As she lay in bed in the darkness that night in her new humility, she reconstructed her life since that day when Arthur Little had come into it, and saw in her relentless passion for self-humiliation, what shameful frauds had composed it.

Jean Zabriskie had always known that she had brains. She could hardly remember a moment when she had not been distinctly conscious of the fact. She had been but the tiniest tot in a mission Sunday-school when she had realized that if she merely spoke freely from her own instincts she could always win applause from admiring teachers. In the public schools of her home city it had been just the same.

She was very young when she [illegible] boasted of her power of "bluffing." She had shone in prize speaking and in the grotesque representations of "The Merchant of Venice" for which public school children are ruthlessly commandeered; but it had not been until she was well along in the huge East Side high school that she had grasped the idea that she could write

Arthur Little had instilled the germ. As his picture now showed, he had been at that time an awkward youth from a [illegible] college, installed as "professor of English"; but he was the first "man teacher" whom Jean had ever known, and, like all the girls of her class, she had been tremendously excited about him.

One day he had asked for the usual "original theme." Most of the girls had, of course, written on "My Favorite Book," "Improvements for Our City," or "A Walk in the Park"; but Jean had had a stroke of real inspiration. She had written a description of an evening in her own home. She had written it without pity, as she had written ever since. She had "played it up" and as a supreme stroke [illegible] genius she had made her father and mother speak Yiddish. She had used [illegible]

[illegible] dating "them" [illegible] known that it would "get over" [illegible] as she had known how to "work" [illegible] teachers of the mission Sunday-school, so had she now an instinct that the bald truth of her picture would "get" the new teacher. It did, for in spite of Jean [illegible] was [illegible] can never forget the next day when Arthur Little sent for [illegible] school, and in the recitation-room said:

"Miss Sabrowsky, you have done a magnificent thing."

FROM that day Jean's career had started. Every act of her life [illegible] tered itself on that one class in English. She had been graduated with honors which carried her name into the newspapers, and had read an essay on "Our Immigrant Citizens."

On leaving school Jean obtained a position in the public library, and, with[illegible] associated with settlement movements; she talked to municipal bodies. She [illegible] up the ladder steadily, and always on one note—"the East Side character."

At the start Jean was not hypocritical. She saw the humor and the pathos of her old East Side associates. "The message" [illegible] but in time the message became far less important than the fashionable women to [illegible]

Jean ceased to live on the East Side. She was East Side only professionally. Her habits and amusements became those of the women with whom she associated. She never forgot her trump card, but the more valuable it became, the more keenly she hated it. Once or twice she tried to [illegible] general subjects. But her hearers would have none of them. They wanted her "fascinating East Side characters." Jean gave them. It was at that time that, in Little's words, Jean began to write with her tongue in her cheek.

For Jean had never ceased writing. At first it was for the library magazines, then for newspapers, but all the time she knew that she could do better. After months of [illegible] she rewrote, [illegible] essay as a short story, and she used the original dialect. She sent it to a great magazine with feelings not unlike those with which she had [illegible] The result was [illegible] and instantaneous. She [illegible] an astounding check and a fervent invitation to contribute [illegible]

[illegible] her parlor talks.

She had in her mind the story of a mission worker, almost bleak in its [illegible] and consistency, but she squelched it promptly, and wrote another story with Yiddish dialect. The success was as prompt as that of the first, and in a year Jean had earned more money than her father had earned in his life-time.

JEAN never went near the East Side now, and her characters changed subtly with her own change in living. She drifted at first from the old immigrants to the second-generation Americans, and then to a type of character which was "going big" among the writers who affected "the Bunch," a type as stereotyped and unreal as the melodrama villain.

For, of all the hard things which Arthur Little had said in his letter, that which had stung most by its poignant truth had been the accusation that Jean invented her dialect. At first she had not "faked" deliberately. She had a genius for dialect, and from her own East Side experiences she had brought a fund of expression which had carried her a long time before it had grown thin. Gradually she had pieced it out from her own ingenuity; but of late she had manufactured deliberately. She took "stuff" from other writers, and fell back on the overworked simile. With greater and greater frequency she found her characters using such time-worn phrases as "the chance of a celluloid dog chasing an asbestos cat through hell" or "welcome as an Orangeman in a [illegible]"

For that was why Little's letter had been to Jean the writing on the wall. She herself had seen the ultimate approach of the end; but, in the buoyancy of continued success, she had been able to blind herself to it. To the Bunch she had openly confessed her sins. They had similar sins [illegible] and had consoled one another with the fact that they [illegible] getting away with [illegible] Jean knew [illegible]

Once [illegible] hand [illegible] first few pages [illegible] girl essay, and she had thrown them aside in disgust. Constantly, without success, she was looking for a new line as piquant as her old one. The one thing she had not the patience to try was what Little had called "the main line."

Jean was somber enough when she went to sleep, and in the morning she still had

Sharp-Shooters of the Camera Brigade

Their's not to reason why—
Theirs but to snap and fly.
Charge of the News Photographers

DID you ever stop to think, when your morning paper opened at a striking photograph of yesterday's wreck, riot, parade, or pageant, how it happened that a photographer was on the spot? Well, like most things in this work-a-day world, it didn't happen: it was carefully planned for. Shooting the day's news has become a business—really, it should be classed as "big business." And you may be sure as you read this that, from the battle-fronts in Europe to the meeting of the Brewers' Protective Association, if there is anything left to protect,—wherever there is an event of any sort taking place of any possible human interest, there will be found the news photographer, an active, cool-headed young man of astonishing nerve and nerviness, ready to snap the picture.

Many of these photographers are attached to the staffs of the daily papers, but the far greater number are employed by syndicates which sell their output to periodicals [illegible] the world. They are all in keen competition, and, next to getting the picture, speed in developing it and hustling it to market is the all-important thing. News pictures are highly perishable goods, and a few hours may make the difference between a handsome sale and a total loss.

Sometimes it happens that a rank amateur gets a picture that would have been a feather in the cap of reputation of the best professional. An English officer snapped the German battleship *Blücher* as she turned turtle after being torpedoed in the great North Sea battle, and got a wonderful picture of the crew scrambling from the wreck to the side of the ship that was uppermost as the big fighting-machine rolled on her beam-ends. He sold the negative to a syndicate for a price running well into four figures.

It was another amateur whose camera almost by chance recorded the fall of the middle span of the Quebec bridge, the prize news picture of a six-month.

But more usually it is the veteran who gets the prize, and he gets it as the result of a carefully planned campaign. Courage is as necessary as skill, for naturally the news photographer's work takes him into many tight places. After snapping to-day's parade he may be dodging bricks and bullets to record to-morrow's riot, or be clinging to a precarious perch atop the latest sky-scraper to picture from a new angle views of the big town and catch the iron-workers at their perilous employment.

One of the clan, having traveled the battle-fronts of the Central Powers in the early part of the war, taking pictures under fire until the explosion of a Big Bertha disturbed him no more than the click of his camera shutter, was sent by his syndicate to "cover" the great strike at Bayonne, New Jersey, a year or so ago. He was warned that it was a tough job, but he only smiled.

"Why my dear man," he boasted, "at Lemburg I was right in the middle of the Hungarian cavalry when they charged the Russian machine-guns, and I got wonderful pictures while men were dropping all around me and—"

"Yes, I know all about that," interrupted his chief. "That was fine. Now go get this battle of New Jersey."

Some hours later the hero of Lemburg was back, bruised and badly in need of new clothes, but with no pictures. He and his fellows had run into the strikers, whose objection to being photographed had been expressed by the directest of what Big Bill Haywood calls "direct action." He had saved his camera, and therefore his honor. It was all in the day's work, and next afternoon, with efficient police protection, the pictures of the battle of Bayonne were taken.

[illegible]

These news sharp-shooters are posing at the request of a brother camera-man. But if the airplane were a war wasp and bombs falling about them, you may be sure that they would be just as coolly at work.

a feeling of having been frightened the evening before. She felt depressed the moment she woke, and when, with gathering consciousness, she tried to seek causes, the causes took form, first in the insolent magnificence of Madame Norveldt, then in the quiet detachment of Harcourt, and lastly in the pointed phrases of Arthur Little.

The three persons were wholly dissimilar. They represented three poles—if there can be three poles; but they had this in common: that each was getting up that morning to a life of calm, stable assurance. In contrast, Jean herself was getting up for another day of her faking, another day of working with her left hand, her tongue in her cheek.

In the flood of success, Jean had acquired luxurious habits. She had her breakfast in bed, and when it came this morning her mail came with it. The maid brought it in with an air. She seemed to feel the importance of bearing the correspondence of a real authoress, but as she set down the tray the authoress felt her heart sink.

There was only one envelop, but that was a bulky one and was addressed in Jean's own handwriting. With the accurate instinct of foreboding, Jean knew exactly what it was. There was no room for self-deception. The day she had dreaded had come. The story she had sent to the *International* had been returned.

Jean stared at the envelop lying there in all that awful cruelty which every writer knows. In her early days it would have hurt, but not as it hurt now, for then she had been merely a struggling aspirant expecting rebuffs. Now she was a successful craftsman in terror of "losing her punch."

IT had been a long time since one of Jean's stories had been returned, but she always sent the self-addressed envelop because of one of her many little superstitions. On the rising tide she had once sent a story without postage for its return, on the fair assumption that it would be kept. It had come back. And since then she had always inclosed the self-addressed envelop as faithfully as any novice, so as not to tempt fate.

And always, apparently, the charm had worked. Never once since that time had she seen one of her self-addressed envelops until now. Now, when she feared it most, the envelop appeared, leering in all the deceptive success of the past year. She could not bear to open it; for, although she knew that it would contain a friendly note, it would also contain the rejected manuscript. She let it lie there like a thing to be loathed. She finished her coffee, and dressed; then sat at her desk and fought her own cowardice. She knew that the thing to do was simply to put the story in a fresh cover and send it on to the *Universal*; but even against that she found her instinct revolting. She felt the rejected story was a warning that she must begin absolutely a new course.

AN hour later, after an hour of struggle, Jean opened a drawer and took out the first pages of the mission story. She read them in more humility now, and they did not seem as bad as when she had written them. Her mind, ever alive to construction, began instinctively to build up the theme. Her memory, relaxed, leaped back to the days when she had done honest work, and in her new point of view she found her story alive. She crossed a word here, interlined there, and the thing took shape. She worked hard all the morning, and at lunch-time leaned back with a feeling of happy exhaustion, yet eager to go on.

She stood up and put on her hat, then looked again at the long envelop. But it did not frighten her now. She tore off the end and drew out the note from Charlie Brown which lay alongside the manuscript. She glanced at it carelessly, then read in surprise:

Dear Jean:

This is just as good as the others, and of course we want it for the *International*. I am sending it back because I thought that the dance-hall stuff was a little crude. Just tone it down, that's a good girl, and ship it back. And hurry some more. Hastily, C. B.

A second time Jean read the letter, and laughed.

"Charlie, you little devil," she said, "you gave me a scare!"

Then she looked at the picture on her dressing-table and corrected herself: "Or, rather, one of you did."

But on her way to lunch Jean strolled to Fifth Avenue, walked down a block, and went into a book-store. She was idly handling a pile of volumes when a clerk bowed. She held up a copy of "My Lords and Gentlemen."

"How is this going, may I ask?"

The clerk looked at her estimatingly, then answered frankly:

"It's slow, but it's steady. We have no great demand, but we have a continuous one. Shall I do it up for you?"

"No, thank you," replied Jean; "I have one. I came in for a copy of 'Gil Blas.'"

The clerk was gone a long time, and when he came back he was knocking the volume against his hand to shake off the dust.

"Anything else, madame?" he asked as he handed her the package.

"No, thank you," answered Jean as she turned away. Then suddenly she stopped. "By the way, have you a book published by the Mallets—on game fishes?"

She felt herself blushing, so she added with studied calmness:

"Plates by Frank Anderson."

The Last of the Roros

REMEMBER the descriptions of chimney-sweeps, those often ill treated urchins of old London whose woes Charles Dickens has made us sympathize with so keenly? They have mostly disappeared from London, pushed up and out of their chimneys, in a manner of speaking, by the hand of Time. To find one in our own country, A. D. 1917, is a bit of a surprise, but the little chap looking out of the picture—and the chimney—is one, and he's a roro at that.

Maybe you don't know what a roro is; but if you ask any of the older people of Charleston, they will say:

"A roro? Why, that is a little negro boy who sweeps out chimneys. He has to be small to climb up the narrow flues; and in old times, when he got to the top, he used to yell out:

"'Ro! Ro! Ro!'

What the word originally meant is not known, but everybody calls the chimney-sweeps roros in Charleston, South Carolina.

Now we have mechanical sweeping machines, and the roro's occupation is gone.

There is, however, a very old-fashioned gentleman in the city who does not like innovations on established customs, and he has his chimneys regularly swept by this fearless little black chimney-swallow of a boy. He is the last of his species.

"Ro! Ro! Ro!" is his version of "Excelsior!"

Girls! Here It Is At Last!

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A specialist has at last perfected a pure face powder that really stays on; that stays on until you wash it off. It does not contain white lead or starchy rice powder to make it stick. This improved formula contains a medicinal powder doctors use to heal the skin. White lead poisons the skin and rice powder turns into a glugy paste that encourages enlarged pores, blackheads and rice powder pimples. In fact, this new powder helps to prevent and reduce enlarged pores, blackheads and pimples. It is also a astringent, discouraging flabbiness, crow's feet and wrinkles. To get this unusual powder, learn to pronounce the name correctly. It is called La-may (French, Poudre L'Amé). Because it is pure and because it stays on better than any other, it is already sold by thousands of dealers everywhere. There are two sizes. The large size is only fifty cents and the half size is twenty-five cents. When you use this delightful La-may and you see how wonderfully it beautifies your complexion, you will understand why it so quickly became the most popular complexion powder sold in New York. One thousand dollars is offered to anybody who can buy a better face powder anywhere at any price. Remember, La-may is guaranteed absolutely pure, and it stays on better than any other face powder. When you use La-may and, if it is possible you are not delighted, your dealer is authorized to return your money without question. If you live out of town and your best dealer does not sell La-may, he can easily get it for you, or you can order by mail from the American Agent, Herbert Raystone, A. O. A. Bldg., 100 E. 19th Street, New York.

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How I Went into Business

Continued from page 4

the landlord was to put up for me, promising to do the woodwork in light gray.

My next step was to go shopping and get the prettiest furnishings for the least money. This is what I bought: A blue grass rug with a gray border, 9x12, for $6; enameled boudoir tables, just big enough to seat two, for $4 each; thirteen natural color wicker chairs at $1.50 each, which I enameled gray; porcelain cups, saucers, cake-plates, etc., in bluebird design, a dozen of each, for $8.20; and silver-plated cake-knives, forks, and teaspoons, a dozen of each, for $5. As I had no steam heat I procured a pretty fireplace effect gas heater for $5; a blue pottery jardinière and plant for the window, for $2.50; and eight Japanese printed scarfs cost 50 cents and certainly looked pretty on the tables. Scrim curtains for window and door, plus other little items, totaled another $5; and after paying $38 for installing blue drop lights at each table and in the window, I was through with my purchases.

Thus my expenditures amounted to $156.50, and after spending $10 for my first stock in food supplies I had not quite $10 on the day I opened my store. But I felt very much encouraged, for the place did look inviting.

And right from the start it was a success. I have my mornings free for baking; but from lunch-time until dinner and then after dinner until about 11 P. M., I am kept pretty busy. It is just a year since I started in business. My bank account now amounts to $400 instead of the $10 of my opening day—this besides having paid all living expenses for mamy and myself, and adding a few dainty touches to my store. C. B.

Watch Your Stenographer

"After four years as stenographer in a law office I was earning only $50 a month."

WITH the exception of an overworked court reporter, there was no shorthand writer in our town of a hundred thousand population competent to take testimony, such as depositions, coroner's inquests, and referred cases. In exceedingly important cases our lawyers called a man from a neighboring city; in smaller cases they did not have a report made.

After four years as stenographer in a law office I was earning fifty dollars a month, the limit of salary in that position, and practically the limit in the town. Though not experienced in law work, my sister was a good stenographer. With savings of only two hundred dollars, and against the advice of almost every lawyer in town, we said good-by to Saturday night pay-checks, hired a room in a good location, rented two typewriters, purchased some very modest office furniture, and had our cards printed.

Within a week we were called to report two cases referred from the district court. Neither seemed of much importance: one was a "family row" over an inheritance, the other an accounting case involving but a few thousand dollars; but, to the surprise of everybody, the personal bitterness of the parties wrangled nearly a thousand dollars into our bank account. We cleared more than twelve hundred dollars in the first three months. For the rest of the year we did not average the necessary thirty-five dollars a month to meet our office expenses.

It is beneath the dignity of a big reporting office in a city to handle what we call "dinky stuff"—letters, pleadings, addressing envelops, and writing circular letters. But we found it worth while to cater to the man who once a week paid twenty-five cents for two letters. It taught the lawyers the habit of coming to our office, and created in them a pride in sending out our well typed work.

Advertising in our profession is almost impossible. It is considered unethical for a shorthand reporter to "bid" for work on a case. Moreover, the usual advertising methods have but little effect upon lawyers, who themselves are a non-advertising class.

So, even though we had to borrow the money for equipment, we installed a circular letter department, work we could legitimately advertise, thereby widening our acquaintance. The general public is astonishingly ignorant of the qualifications of a shorthand reporter. Our neat circular-letter work was no guaranty to a customer that we were capable of reporting a technical case in court, but he thought it was. In this way we found our chance, and, because we were studying constantly to perfect ourselves in speedy and accurate shorthand, the customers we had made through the "dinky stuff" were not disappointed in the expert work.

About the first of our fourth year, a vacancy occurred in the office of justice of the peace—which in our town, on account of political maneuvering, is an office practically devoid of power except that of compelling the attendance of witnesses in the taking of depositions. This one power, however, is all-important in our business, and when the county attorney suggested that he could get the appointment for one of us, we gladly accepted.

It so happened that this was the first time in our State that a woman had held the office of justice of the peace, and this tickled the fancy of the newspaper reporter, who gave us a column on the front page of the daily. The item was copied most amazingly, and brought us letters from all parts of the country, especially from attorneys. It was legitimate advertising among the class we had not been able to reach before—and free, at that.

Chance and a friendly plumber sent us our first State convention; but it was evenings of study and days of painstaking, conscientious work that made our report satisfactory and has brought us hundreds of dollars since in convention work.

We are just completing our sixth year. We have paid our debts, bought typewriters, business phonographs, and circular-letter machines, have some good furniture, and now hire regularly from two to five girls, according to the time of year.

At the insistence of our father, formerly a bookkeeper, we have kept a double-entry set of books since opening business. A printer friend taught us the value of cost-keeping. Our profits are not a matter of guesswork, but of accurate record.

During each of the fourth and fifth years our gross fees totaled a little less than forty-five hundred dollars. Our overhead expense is high—about thirty per cent. Even so, this leaves us a net income, each, of fifteen hundred dollars annually—more than twice what we could have hoped for in our town as a salary.

The figures are not large; we have done nothing phenomenal. But we stayed right in our home town, created our market, and have increased our earning capacity one hundred per cent in five years' time.

L. M. M.

He Took the Postman for a Partner

FIVE years ago a friend came to me with "Old top, tell me how it is—I have a higher priced camera and have taken more pictures than you, yet your

"I had taken for my motto, 'Our Best is for You.'"

pictures are always better than mine!"

I owe to that question my start in business. For some time I had been a "camera fiend." I not only took the pictures, but I finished them. My friend, like thousands of others, had his finishing done by some photographer who considered the small camera an encroachment on his private domain, and so naturally did not take the pains an unprejudiced person would.

I finished a roll of film for my friend, and he was well pleased with the pictures and complimented me so highly on the work that I decided to go into the business, if only as a side line. So right here in my home town, with only $25, I fitted up a basement room and hung out my sign. The amount of work I got the first month encouraged me to give up my position and devote my entire time to the business. I spent several days in studying how I was to go about getting out-of-town customers, and finally hit upon the following plan:

On my old typewriter I wrote fifty letters to "Dear Friend," saying that "to advertise our business we would develop and print free of charge a roll of their film if they would send us the names and addresses of five friends who had cameras." I placed each of these in an unsealed, unaddressed envelop, and wrote fifty letters to "Dear Postmaster," asking him kindly to hand the inclosed to some amateur photographer. I inclosed these with the unaddressed letters and mailed them to fifty different post-offices.

In ten days I received films from forty correspondents. I finished and mailed their pictures within twenty-four hours after receipt. I inclosed my price list, and assured them that any orders they might send in would be handled with the same care and attention. I then wrote to the parties whose names had been sent me, telling them Mr. or Miss So-and-So had asked us to send them our prices, and we would be glad to do their photograph finishing, our work being guaranteed to please the most particular.

Within another few weeks I received favorable returns from these. I was always prompt in filling orders, large or small, and all work was A No. 1. I had taken for my motto, "Our Best is for You," which was printed on all my stationery and conscientiously lived up to. My customers were so appreciative of the service I gave them, they continued to send in more names without being requested. In two months after starting my business it was on a paying basis. At the end of the first year I had fifteen hundred names on my books, and had turned out $2,800 worth of work. I had so far employed no help, so my profit amounted to about 60 per cent. The second year I took on help, business doubled, and the third year I had to move into larger quarters.

In the last two years there has been a constant increase in business, but not so great as before, owing, I presume, to the troubled conditions caused by the war. Almost any line of business can be started and carried on successfully in the same manner, if the promoter will live up to the following simple rules:

Have confidence that your line is perfect. If you know of the least flaw in it, overcome it some way.

Treat all of your customers with the greatest courtesy. Some one may write in occasionally, expressing a fancied grievance. Don't hand the letter to an employee to answer: do it yourself, and in the most gentle manner explain the situation clearly, and agree to refill the order or reimburse the party in full. Such offers are always fruitful.

Fill all orders with the least possible delay. This is especially important with the mail-order business. When a customer sends in an order, he is anxious until he gets his returns. If you can not fill the order as soon as you know your customer expects, write him to that effect; he will appreciate it.

Above all, put into practice the lessons the editor gave us in his editorial a few weeks ago under the title of "Perhaps You Don't Dream Enough." Devote at least a few minutes each day to dreaming, thinking up new schemes for bettering your business. J. O. C.

An Impresario in Mice

TWO years ago, while walking down one of the streets of Newark, New Jersey, I was attracted by seeing a number of people looking into the window of a florist's store. I waited about ten minutes until the people moved on; then I edged in, and there I saw three little mice running around. They were white with black spots, and their twisting and turning was great. After looking about fifteen minutes, I thought: "If three mice attract a crowd of people like that, what would a number do?"

A short time afterward I spied the same three mice in a bird store. I went in and asked, "Are those mice for sale?" The man said: "Yes; but I would sooner not sell them—they are such a fine attraction for my window." "What do you call them?" He said: "Japanese dancing tango mice."

"Well," I remarked, "that is some name! What is the price?" "Two and a half each," he answered. So I said, "Put them in a box."

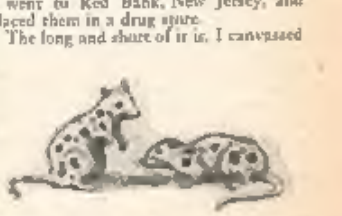
Then I bought some bird-seed, a pound of hemp, and a box of soda crackers, and trotted off home.

The next day I went out and got a nice box that had been used for shipping cocoa, for my mice to live in. I put cellar window wire over it. I filled a strawberry box with cotton for them to sleep in, and gave them a small salt-cellar to drink out of. In twenty-four days one of the females had seven little baby mice, and two days later the other one had five.

In ninety days the baby mice had little ones, and the old ones had three more litters. I took thirty-two of them over to Barclay Street, New York, and came back with a fine fish aquarium and $11 in cash.

Then I took twenty-three mice to a big hardware store, and they put them in the window for a week, and handed me $5 for the loan of them. They told me of another store that would pay me $5 for the loan of my mice, so the next night they were working there. Then I put them in a paint crate, and after that I went to Red Bank, New Jersey, and placed them in a drug store.

The long and short of it is, I canvassed



"They were white with black spots, and their twisting and turning was great."

one town after another, until in two years I cleared $963, and have now bought a small automobile to cart my mice around in. I have about a hundred mice now.

They don't eat ten cents' worth of feed in six months, and I look after them only once a day. I have sold a number of them for $2.50 each. I added the money they brought in to mine that I had saved, and bought a six-room bungalow this year. Can you beat it? D. A. W.

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Are You Listed as an "Easy Mark"?

By CHARLES R. BROWN

A LADY, the widow of an old and well-to-do friend, called a short time ago on "a small mortal of business." She wanted to consult about her "investments"—unfortunately, not about her *proposed* investments. Had it been the latter, I might have been of some slight service in suggesting that she call upon a responsible investment house or upon her bank or a trust company. But—womanlike, perhaps—she first had impulsively paid out her money: then it occurred to her to assure herself as to the soundness of the purchases.

This little lady had suddenly determined, without previous training, without any real knowledge of the world, to be a business woman. She had in consequence been kept busy since her husband's death by the attention of glib-tongued "bond salesmen," calls from well dressed "investment brokers," and from numerous flashily attired fakers. She had received by mail a collection of "investment literature" (of which she was openly proud) that was indeed a curiosity. Every day it accumulated.

© Harris & Ewing, from Paul Thompson

THERE is no cause that I know of that works so much on a conscientious man who loves his wife and children as the prospect of leaving them helpless in the world and dependent on others; and there is nothing comparable to the relief from this worry.

WILLIAM H. TAFT.

How We Are Listed by Certain Enterprises

WHAT had happened? This ambitious little woman's name was being sold and resold as a gullible dupe—an "easy mark." Undoubtedly it was on one of the most expensive "Lists of Investors" whose compilation by certain ingenious interests is a distinct branch of everyday enterprise. These lists are available to all purchasers.

When you are receiving bundles of "investment literature" from houses with no standing, it is not a reason for undue exhibition of pride. A much safer attitude would be the admittedly humiliating recognition of what is usually a fact—that you are listed as an "easy mark" and that as such your name is being hawked around.

Numerous other practices are employed to secure names for these lists. One that flavors of what is closely akin to that known in the legal profession as "ambulance-chasing" is to watch the death notices in the papers and to obtain systematically the record of surrogates' offices.

Again, if you have looked over the Business Opportunities in some of the daily papers, you will have noticed that some one usually is in need of a thousand-dollar loan and will give $300 for the use of the money for thirty days, and will furnish ample collateral.

Such an advertisement not infrequently is merely a ruse to obtain names of people of some means who are willing to take risks, thus furnishing attractive possibilities for financial sharks.

Another Method of the Financial Sharks

BUT it is not always through the mails or directly through lists of names that inexperienced investors are approached.

One of the most modern plans contemplates the employment of "bond salesmen" many of whom are themselves dupes and are not aware of it. Not infrequently they have no real knowledge of what a bond actually is.

One of the most numerous classes of recent inquiries reaching the Financial Department of this magazine includes that from young men asking whether it is desirable to enter upon this work as a career. They have answered Help Wanted advertisements which appear to be model in every respect. Services are required of young men of good families; some ask for college men.

Now, responsible investment houses, it is true, have their salesmen; but they do not advertise broadcast for them, nor do they permit the young men to go traveling until they have been employed for several years in the office and have become experienced in the business. This is something entirely different from engaging young men for immediate outside work with promises of large salaries—promises to be fulfilled after they have shown their ability to sell bonds. This is only another way of saying to the young fellows:

"Go to your relatives and confiding friends, and ask them to help you by purchasing paper that has frequently a very questionable value."

Needless to say, high-class, reputable financial houses guard their customers' lists with the most scrupulous care. No name ever escapes from their offices to fall into unauthorized hands. And the lesson of all this—as has been repeated again and again in these columns—is to select your banker or broker with caution, confining your selection to those who, by reputation and record, have proved their ability to handle the money of their customers wisely and well.

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Partial-Payment Combinations, a circular which gives definite suggestions for the purchase of time-tested stocks on the partial-payment plan, has been issued by John Muir & Co. Copies may be had on application to the main office of the firm, 61 Broadway, New York City.

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The *Odd Lot Review*, published every Saturday, aims to reflect in brief and comprehensive style the principal developments affecting values in standard securities. Sample copies will be sent on application to the offices of the publication, 61 Broadway, New York City.

The booklet, "We're Right on the Ground," outlining in a comprehensive way the advantage of farm mortgages as a safe investment, won for E. J. Lander & Co., Grand Forks, North Dakota, third prize in the contest at the recent St. Louis Convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World. Offered free to readers of this magazine.

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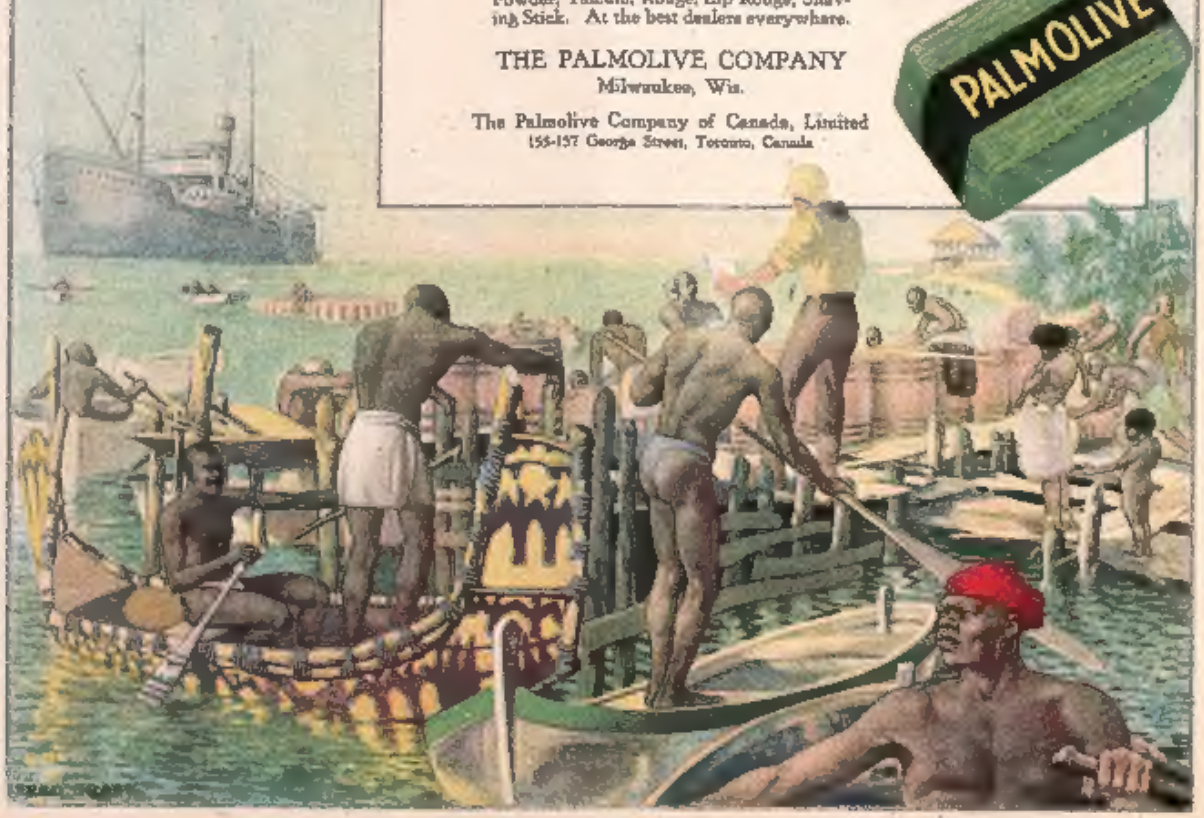
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